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LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

THE reign of George III. covered a period of sixty years. To attempt even an outline of it would be to write in large part the history of Europe and America during the greatest crisis of modern times. We can notice here only some features of the private character of the good old king. Thackeray has given us the finest analysis and portraiture of character of England's Four Georges, and from his graphic lectures we make the following extracts:

"In the 'Burney Diary and Letters,' the home and Court life of good old King George and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The King rose every morning at six, and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight, the Queen and the Royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the King's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages: the chapel was scarcely alight; princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold; but cold or hot, it was their duty to go; and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say amen to the chaplain.

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History:* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of A History of the United States, The Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

"Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his Queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty,

her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her.

"The princess wrote verses, and there are some petty plain-

tive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:—

"'Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung:
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.'

"The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watches over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly Courts. He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too sad for tears. Low he lies, to whom the proudest used once to kneel, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

"'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon this pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official dignity, are calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was Sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people, than our revered and honoured widowed Queen.

Not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. As the Roman moralist long since said, "Death knocks alike at royal palace and at the peasant's hovel."*

With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of supreme delicacy and difficulty how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathing friend to his Royal consort; what a godly example to his household, to the nation, to the world!

Can we wonder that his untimely death left the world forever poorer to the sorrowing Queen; that the pageantry of state became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for well-nigh a score of

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

years she wore unrelieved her widow's sombre weeds. Well might the Laureate say:

> "Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
> Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
> Remembering all the beauty of that star
> Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
> One light together, but has past and left
> The crown a lonely splendour."

Yet even this touching fidelity to the dead was construed into a fault by the mercenary instinct that considers a sovereign's chief duty to be to lead the fashions of the hour, to stimulate trade by royal pomp and splendours. The discharge of duties of State the nation has a right to expect, and these the Queen, with indefatigable zeal, has fulfilled with a devotion, a wisdom, a watchfulness, a firmness, a sympathy with her people, an appreciation of international relations and of the responsibilities of the times, that have commanded the approval of the shrewdest statesmen and the respect of foreign powers. The Queen has ever shown herself the friend of peace, and by her earnest remonstrance against war has not infrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the bereaved widows of President Lincoln and President Garfield smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents. Nor are her sympathies restricted to the great. They extend alike to the humblest of her subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick children in the hospitals, and in homes of want, her heart goes forth with loving sympathy, her private purse is opened in generous aid. These are truer claims to a nation's love than the material splendour of a Semiramis or a Zenobia. And that love has not been withheld. Upon no human being have ever been converged so many prayers, so many blessings and benedictions. Throughout the vast Empire that with its forty colonies engirdles the world, wherever prayer is wont to be made, go up petitions for England's Queen. In Australian mining camps, in far Canadian lumber shanties, in the remotest hamlets, and in the fishing villages that line almost every sea, the patriotic devotion of a loyal people finds utterance in the words, "God save the Queen!"

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee,
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
O how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming! We are waiting,
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day nor hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee, My Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

—*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

Christmas Eve in a German Village.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.*

CHRISTMAS in Germany!—how we have been looking forward to the pleasure of this season, and it has been far beyond even our brightest dreams! From childhood days we began to have a love for the German Christmas. Our pretty little Christmas stories are from the German; and from many sources we have gained the impression that Germany is the land for the true Christmas. Experience confirms the opinion. It really seems that here, above all lands, the true Christmas feeling is known, the spirit of "goodwill to men." It is a holy time, and the nation, as a whole, burns with love to the "old, old story." When one sees the great religious festival of Germany's Christmas, there comes the feeling that we have but faintly recognized the Christmas story in our holiday season. The distinguishing feature of the German Christmas is the religious ceremony, the observance of the time as a sacred and solemn season.

There are minor distinctions, aside from this one great fact —the religious character—which are at once noticed by a foreigner. In the home celebrations we miss the fascinating legend of Santa Claus and his reindeer, the ride over the housetops, the descent through the chimney, and the waiting stockings. The little German child knows naught of the delight of our little ones, of sending letters with the flames up the chimney; or lying for hours before the glowing fire, wondering about the little man who comes on "the night before Christmas;" of the stockings hung by the hearth, and the rushing to them in the early Christmas morn. Ah, we are glad not to have missed this sweet childhood dream, but how can it be possible in Germany, with no open hearths, and only these monumental white stoves? So we find there is a peculiar beauty in our own Christmas, even while we love the spirit in the German celebration.

Perhaps the best place to see the true German Christmas would be in the country or some small town or village; for here ancient customs have not yielded to modern civilization as in large cities, where, naturally, much intercourse with the world abroad tends to abolish old national traits.

*Abridged in part from the charming volume "*Life Among the Germans.*" By EMMA LOUISE PARRY. Boston: D. Lothrop. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The Black Forest is especially the land of the Christmas-tree. Nowhere else does it grow so vigorously, or bring forth such copious fruit. But it has been transplanted into nearly all lands, and throughout Canada, at this snowy wintry season,

A German Christmas Tree.

in many happy homes this wonderful tree will bring forth its wonderful fruit. In our picture we note several specially German features—the house-father as they call him, pulling away at his big porcelain pipe, like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle; the bust of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, on the wall; the youngster with the spiked helmet and drum, exhibiting

even in babyhood the warlike German spirit; the odd-shaped waggons and toys, and above all, the tree, with its tapers, and trinkets, and love-gifts for every one, and the Angel of the Annunciation at the top. Is it not a pretty family group? Thank God for Christmas which brings us joyful tidings of peace on earth, and goodwill to men, to both lofty and lowly, and especially its love-gifts to children everywhere.

The Black Forest, a wild mountain region—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a portion of the old Hercynian Forest, which once covered a great part of Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its finest passes are now traversed by the new Black Forest Railway, one of the best engineering works in Europe. Near Singen, rises on an isolated and lofty basaltic rock, the old Castle of Hohentweil, which held bravely out during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutturals are everywhere heard. The country looks bleak and bare. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the "beautiful blue Danube," which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth, and Belgrade, and after a course of 1,780 miles, pours it waters into the Black Sea.

Black Forest Farm House.

Now higher and higher winds our train. An open observation car is attached, affording an unobstucted view of the

magnificent scenery. I was much amused at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course. The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly descends. Leagues upon leagues of dark pine-forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright and lovely streams leap and flash. The native costume is very quaint. The men wear queer-cut coats with red linings, and the young women a green bodice, with strangely-trimmed hats. They wear their hair in long plaits hanging down their backs, and when in gala dress have a queer crest, almost like a wheat-sheaf on their heads.

On the way to Church, in the Black Forest.

Life in cities, the world over, is much the same; yet there is something in the German character that resists much of this modern influence, and makes them cling to their own national life and customs, so that even Berlin, with its million and a half inhabitants, still retains the marked German life. There is this, also, to favour the continuance of it—the marked divi-

sion between the upper and lower classes. In the very heart of the city are people with all the appearance and peculiarities of peasants, and none of the city influences can change them to city people. In dress, in manners, in daily living, they are still peasants. Then, too, Berlin has only reached its greatness since the late war, and has not yet grown accustomed to grandeur, nor shaken off its primitive ways. A Frenchman in the *pension* gave a good criticism on Berlin when he remarked, "For a large city, it is wonderfully like a little town." So at Christmas time we really receive a good idea of the holiday as celebrated by the *people*—great *burgher* and humble *bauer*.

BLACK FOREST FARMSTEAD.

Early in the season, the city prepares for its holiday. There are magnificent stores—all bewildering in artistic arrangement of bronzes, works of art in metal, *bric-à-brac*. And the toy stores!—there are the dolls in all the national costumes of the world, and windows all bristling with combating soldiers. You never saw such windows! And the candy stores! But it is the "Pfeffer Kuchen" that is the great distinguishing delicacy of Christmas-tide. It must be a fact that there is not a house, family, or person in Germany without this at this time. It is a sort of hard ginger or spice cake, and made in all sorts of shapes. There are stars, circles, animals, men, variously shaped articles. It is impossible to tell all the tempting forms these sweets take! *Everybody* buys. The stores are crowded for weeks.

The flower stores are a feast to the eyes. Where in the world are there such flower stores as in Germany? Each one speaks a message of cheer, and as the workers hurry on their way, filled with daily cares, there comes a fragrance, a fresh breath, as they pass by, that makes life that day sweeter. The flower girls are refreshing to see. Flowers and the flower trade mean more in Germany than in any other land. The lovely stores, the fresh, simple-hearted, pretty-mannered girls, in the flower world of Germany, exist to make life better and happier. At Christmas time the flower stores are like a vision of fairyland, and the homes are fresh and fair with their living beauty. Flowers are a factor not to be omitted among Christmas joys.

Black Forest Head-dress and Hat.

What else? We linger at the stores. The butcher or meat shops must not be forgotten. You would scarcely know a meat shop here as a relative of that abominably ugly place we call by that name in America Think of entering such a store: marble mosaic floors, walls beautifully painted in pictures, high, frescoed ceilings, and, amid flowers and plants, on marble tables and counters, the cleanest, most tempting meats, cooked, garnished —all served by rosy German girls in white aprons and caps! People stand and gaze in the windows as at any art store. At Christmas time they are at the height of their glory, for then every one of them must have meat, which is often a rarity in German families.

Every open square has been turned into a market. Some are for the sale of Christmas trees, and there is that odour throughout the city—the sight of the trees, the spicy odour, adding to the "Christmas feeling." Every family must have its tree, so the squares are little fragrant forests for weeks before the holiday. Other squares have booths, with articles for presents. As the handsome stores have revealed the Christmas of the rich German society, so here we read the Christmas joys of this other—the peasant class in the large city. O, what odd things! All sorts of wooden animals, knit dolls, all varieties of caps, shoes of queer shapes and materials, candles, wax figures, woollen articles, nuts gilded and decorated, and everywhere—Pfeffer Kuchen.

Black Forest Head-dress.

In the open square about the Old Palace in Berlin booths are erected, where people may sell their wares. How some of these poor people look forward for months to this market, when they may be able to make a little money! The market holds for two weeks; alas, if it is rainy weather! The people will go to the stores then, and the Christmas season is a sad disappointment. One woman, last year, in the bitterness of her disappointment, hanged herself. This market is a relic of the centuries. In the last few years of the wonderful growth of Berlin, it has been thought that this was "too rustic, too country-like," and that it should be abandoned, but the old Emperor said that as long as he lived it should remain, as so many poor people delight in it, and for some poor children it is the greatest pleasure of the holiday. The whole land keeps holiday. The places of amusements are thronged. The picture galleries have an unusual number of visitors, and these linger long before the pictures of the Nativity. Before Raphael's lovely Madonna, at Dresden, there is often quite a crowd of admirers. No engraving, however, can give the look of happy motherhood in her eyes and the fearless questioning gaze of the Divine Child.

Germany seems a nation of children now. Men and women

talk over secrets with all the glee and enthusiasm of children, and we feel that Christmas retains the charm we felt it once had, when we were little ones. Too often, with us, the spell dissolves with childhood days; older grown, we feel that

> "Something sweet followed youth with flying feet,
> And will never come again."

Yet here we find a nation keeping up to old age all that childhood bliss. What is the secret?—Simplicity, the goodwill to all men.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, IN THE BLACK FOREST.

In the homes, Christmas begins to reign long before the authorized holidays—here is the very heart of Christmas joy. What preparations must be made—what a long list to be remembered! *Everybody* is remembered; usually with only a little thing, a mere trifle, yet beautiful, as expressing thought, remembrance. The German heart just expands and opens itself at Christmas time. The one thought that fills the being is *give:* no wonder it is a happy, happy time, for mankind is

happiest when *giving*. We venture to say that there is no one in the land who does not receive and give, and even the poorest and most wretched must have a moment of happiness—it may be the only time in the year—on Christmas day.

THE DRESDEN MADONNA.—*Raphael.*

In Germany, a little thing is of moment and value, the presents are generally little things—weighed not by outer worth, but rich in that sweeter, stronger, rarer power—loving thought. This remembering one's friends, once a year, with some little token, is a very precious thing, sweetens the burdened life, and our Christmas cards, not known in Germany, give us

this opportunity to send a loving message. In Germany, no one is omitted on the list to be remembered—from the house porter and his children, to the friend who is remembered for some slight act of kindness during the past year. Christmas time is the time to recall past kindnesses—a general revival of all that is good and blessed in life, and lovely in the human heart. What a blessing to the race is Christmas-tide!

In our family the long list is made out, and the presents must be gathered. What fun we have! Doubtless, many Americans would laugh over the presents, and so did we; but it was a laugh of enjoyment, and not of derison. A box was packed to be sent to the country relatives—each one remembered: beautiful bunches of artificial flowers, ribbons, fans, bracelets (silver, with "Gott schütze dich" engraved on them), *edelweiss* pins, fancy aprons, laces, collars, toys—O, what not? On each the name was written, and a verse, and the joy of the receivers was anticipated in a lively manner! And the return box from the country relatives! Knit articles beyond enumeration or description; such meat sausages!—such butter, cheeses! A breath from the farm-house, the freshness of the open land, comes with the box, and town and country unite in Christmas joy.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

The post-waggons—yellow, beetle-like affairs—are rattling all day, the post-horn blows incessantly, and the great waggons stand at the railroad stations to receive the countless packages,

boxes, bundles, greetings of kind hearts. Every one is in the most pleasant expectancy, and each household in a happy recipient state. Dear old Christmas is blessed again and again for its spell of happiness in this work-day world of ours.

It is a time for the poor. There is a general caring for the poor, and a helpful one. In the schools the children are all requested to bring garments, money, whatever may be convenient; and in each ward a certain time is appointed for the distribution of these. In Germany, while it is a poor land, we do not see the wretchedly poor as seen everywhere in richer countries. In England there is beggary of every description; the blind, the lame at every corner in London, and mendicants beset the streets. In Germany, while the cry is continually "a poor people," there is no open wretchedness. In wealthy families there is a special celebration for their poor. I was privileged to witness such a Bescheerung at their home.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. A long table, laden with gifts, and bright with a lighted Christmas-tree, awaited the expectant families. We few invited guests kept back in the corner—the feast was not ours. The piano in this room was played, and from the other room came the music of voices united in "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht." The doors opened, and the families (thirty or more, with the addition of many little ones) came in and took their designated places at the table. Dr. S. had been invited to speak to them, and the words of the short address and of the prayer that followed, amidst such a scene, brought tears to every eye—one young gentleman could not restrain his sobs, and left the room. Then, spontaneously the children joined in the exercises. One after the other the little ones approached Mrs. A.—a perfect Holbein Madonna, as she lovingly stood among them, those she labours for. The children spoke verses or sang songs with pleasure to be able to add their gift. It was delightful! Then the happy faces as the gifts were examined! These friends had been sewing for weeks to make happiness where trial is known; and the abundance of warm garments, of all necessary articles, was true help to them. Each seemed to receive just what was needed—shoes, stockings, quilts, skirts, underwear, mittens, and what awoke pleasure they could not help showing; each family received a large piece of meat, groceries, and a thaler. Was this not a rich Christmas to them! O, the bliss of those little ones with the dolls! Bags and baskets, which they brought

with them, were packed and laden with substantial gifts, and the happy crowd, on returning to their homes, would feel that the love of Christ for mankind must be true if He puts such love in the hearts of His servants; and the poor must unite in praise to the Christ-child and the celebration of the Christ Birthday.

This over, we adjourned to the drawing-room for our celebration, and now comes the fun! We all received some little token—just for fun! You cannot imagine the wit and fun and surprise of the evening! Mrs. A.'s wit touches the point every time—keen, bright, sharp, versatile; if there is a spark of wit in any one, hers kindles it, and a consequent good time follows. The gifts were all absurd, and accompanied by verses. One young man, a student of philosophy, actually says he understands Hegel; so he got an owl. How we all enjoyed it, and none more so than the young philosopher.

My gift was no joke, and I was the happiest there; in a little red plush frame, a picture of Mrs. A., and the writing, "One cannot give more than one's self."

In our family there was the loveliest spirit to a stranger and a foreigner. With the family there was a plate also for the American and a tiny Christmas tree, its bits of candle lighted; a bunch of roses, red and white, bonbons, and Pfeffer Kuchen.

Christmas is not only giving; it is also worshipping. It is not all amusement—it is devotion; not all pleasure, but religion. With all the gladness, happiness, joy, good-will, merriment—still, never for a moment is it anything but a sacred festival. This thought is kept uppermost. It is not, as too often the world would make it, the time for material pleasure; while pleasure reigns, still, it is the time of the glad tidings of the birth of our Saviour. Santa Claus and presents do not crowd out Christ and the old, old story. There is no story of this kind among the children,—they grow up with the clear understanding that this is the day commemorating the birth of Christ, and that all these gifts come through the Great Gift. So they learn to love the sacred story,—love it for the associations, the happiness it brings.

On Christmas Eve, the Gospel story of Bethlehem is read. The Christmas celebration is held in the families on Christmas Eve. It is called the "Holy Night." From every window blazes a Christmas-tree—a vast illumination through the city. Every family has a Christmas-tree; even though it be a little

DECORATING THE CHURCH FOR CHRISTMAS.

branch of green, a humble family may gather about it, and find a sacred happiness there, that may touch our hearts to deeper reverence and love. Here is not a rush for gifts and forgetfulness of the Giver. A ceremony must precede—and no gift is touched until the Giver is thanked. Before the lighted tree, the family stands in devotion: "Holy Night" is sung

MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

with solemn hearts, the story is read with loving remembrance, the prayer is offered in fervent gratitude. Is it not right on a *sacred* holiday?

The nation as well as the family makes it a religious season. For several days church is held twice a day, and the churches are filled. They have been beautifully decorated with wreaths by the young folk. It is the time for that wonderful music when

the glorious chorals of Bach and Handel fill the sacred places with divine harmonies. The children are gathered for service—not of entertainment, but of the responsive reading of the same story of the Babe in Bethlehem. Over and over it is the same story: turn where you will, it is sung, chanted, repeated, read; the children, the old, in church, at home—still the old, old story of that first holy night when the angels sang their hallelujahs, while shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the bright star shone to guide the wise men on their way to the young Babe, lying in its humble bed in the manger in Bethlehem, in Judea.

It is right to make this a religious festival, to keep foremost the birth of the Saviour. May this spirit grow in our midst, and may not merry-making eclipse the bright light of holiness that radiates this sacred time, and, while the heart is filled with gladness, goodwill, joy, let it learn sweet new lessons of love, reverence, adoration, and peace in Christ, once the Babe bringing that first "Holy Night."

The quaint old Christmas customs, to which fuller reference is made in Dr. Wright's article, seem peculiarly appropriate to these quaint old German towns. One of the quaintest of these is the old town of Meissen, shown in our cut. This is a somewhat important town on the Elbe, where the "Dresden China" manufacture was first introduced, and is still carried on in the Royal Porcelain Manufactory—a place well worth visiting. The Albrechtsburg, or castle, which commands the town from a rocky height, shown to the right of our engraving, is a wonderfully picturesque mass of castellated towers and gables. It was long the residence of the Saxon princes. The quaint timbered walls, the overhanging oriel windows and the varying heights of the buildings, owing to their being erected on a steep hill-slope, give the old town a very remarkable appearance. From the lofty tower in our engraving the view of the valley of the Elbe is magnificent.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares to walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—HAMLET, *Act 1, Scene 1.*

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

V.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.*
(*From a Photograph.*)

A LONG, irregular line of white eastern buildings on the summit of a tree-terraced hill, across a broad shallow valley, hazy throughout with the gray-green of olive leaves; such was Bethlehem as I had my first view of it. The noon-day sun, "clear, shining after rain," poured directly down upon its domes and cupolas out of a sky of perfect blue, unflecked by a single passing cloud, as a sharp turn of the mountain road along which I was riding brought the panorama suddenly before me.

It is not always easy in Palestine to bring one's mind to realize where one is and what one sees; but I remember vividly that first glimpse of Bethlehem, and the thought that came spontaneously and strongly to me. There, somewhere there, the Lord Jesus Christ was born; and looking up into the clear

* The cuts which accompany this article are examples of over 100 engravings of Bible Lands to be given in the MAGAZINE for 1889.

blue sky, and down upon the city-crested hill, I could not but be thrilled and solemnized as I gazed.

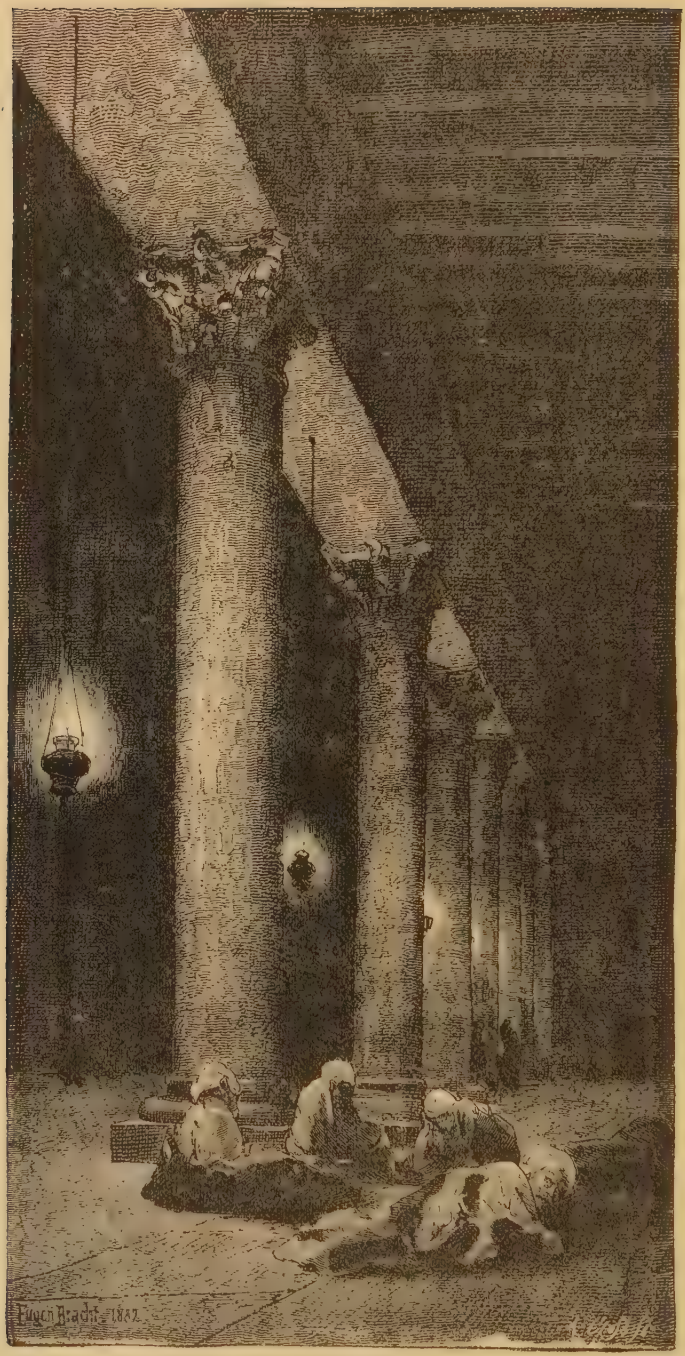
Bethlehem has many sacred associations. I had passed but an hour or two before the tomb of Rachel, and heard the Jews wailing in the enclosure, hallowed by the dust of Jacob's favourite wife, where "in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem," the old patriarch had laid her lovingly to rest. Hither came Ruth, in her generous attachment to Naomi, her dead husband's mother, and somewhere near she gleaned, a stranger in the fields of Boaz. In these mountain fastnesses hard by the youthful David kept his father's flock, hence he went down, the ruddy shepherd boy, to that unexpected and victorious encounter with the Philistine giant; and hither came the aged prophet Samuel, with his horn of oil, to anoint God's chosen king over God's chosen people. But it was not with these memories, or any of them, that my mind was filled. Who could look upon Bethlehem without thinking first—and last—of the Magi and the guiding star of the shepherds and the angel-heralds, of the Virgin Mother and the manger-cradle, of the Babe that was God incarnate, and of the infinite love of which He was the unspeakable Gift.

Dismounting and handing our horses' bridles to an attendant muleteer, my friend M—— and I put up our cameras and essayed a photograph or two of the scene, and then hastened to overtake the rest of our party, already far in advance toward the town. Winding along the edge of the valley, with ever new settings of the landscape through the olive trees, we soon reached the houses, and our horses' hoofs were rattling and slipping on the irregular pavements of the narrow and winding streets, wet and slippery from the last night's rain. Now rounding corners sharply, and anon descending steep streets paved in steps, literally going down stairs on horseback, —an operation to which our horses were evidently more accustomed than ourselves—we at length drew rein at the open portal of the Convent of the Nativity to find the rest of our party seated at lunch in the guest-room, and to forget the fatigues of the morning's ride in the rest and refreshment of a hearty meal.

A huge, shapeless pile of massive masonry, fortress-like in outline and in strength, such is the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting from it. The central basilica, built by Helena, in A.D. 327, is

The Chapel of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

extremely interesting, not only as covering the traditional site of the birth of Christ, but as being the oldest example of Christian architecture now existing. It is large and almost square, being 120 feet long by 110 feet broad; but there is nothing striking in its interior, which is divided into a nave and four aisles by columns of marble. The choir is divided into two chapels, one belonging to the Greeks and the other to



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

the Armenians, and from each of these a winding stairway, cut in the rock, descends to the Grotto of the Nativity, which lies immediately beneath. The Latins have a church on the north side of the choir, from which also a rock-cut stairway leads to the sacred sites beneath. It was by this passage that our party descended, having been first provided with tapers by the attendant monks. A low vault at the foot of the stair opens on the right into a passage leading to a small chamber. Here, on the one side, are the tombs of Paula, the noble and pious Roman devotee, and her daughter Eustochia, and on the other that of the illustrious Father of the Church, Saint Jerome. Ascending a few steps we come to his study, another square vault with a raised dais around it, now turned into a chapel, and here we are on most interesting ground. There can be little or no doubt that it was here that Jerome spent more than thirty years in study, in fasting, in contemplation, in prayer, close to what he believed to be the birth-place of the Saviour, whom he loved. This low room, cold, dark and cheerless, yet warm and bright and glorious to the ecstatic recluse, was the spot on which were written the powerful arguments, letters and commentaries which have made his name famous, and on which, above all, he accomplished the *magnum opus* of his life—the *Biblia Vulgata* of the Roman Church, the translation of the Scriptures into the Latin tongue.

Returning to the chapel, we enter a narrow, crooked passage, and on reacning the end find a door leading into the Grotto of the Nativity, a low vault thirty-eight feet long by eleven wide, covered with Italian marble and profusely, though tawdrily, decorated with hanging lamps, embroidery, etc. On the east side is a sort of alcove under which, on the floor, is a large silver star set in a marble slab and around it the words: HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST—"Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born"—while over head hung sixteen silver lamps kept constantly burning, six of them belonged to the Greeks, and five each to the Latins and Armenians.

Traditional sites are, for the most part, little worthy of reverence, and there is so much of tawdry adornment and vulgar superstition in connection with them, that pain and repulsion are excited rather than feelings of respect and solemnity; but there is good ground for believing that, in this case, the traditional site is the true one, and that here, or

somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, the birth of our Saviour took place. The tradition is of very high antiquity, and was accepted as early as the time of Justin Martyr—about a hundred years after our Lord's birth. Be that as it may, looking at that silver star and those Latin words one forgot time and circumstance for a season, and stood in thought with

GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

the shepherds and the wise men, in praise and adoration beside the manger-cradle of the Christ. What matters it whether the silver star really marks the spot of His birth? His birth is the polar star of the centuries, the point whence sweeps the mighty radius of two eternities; and angels shall bend in wonderment forever, and wise men and shepherds shall bow in

reverence and gratitude forever, over the cradle of the Incarnate God, wrapt in contemplation of the mystery of Grace!

This low vault has been the source of bitter strife and contention among the rival sects who claim part in it, and fierce and fratricidal struggle has taken place within its very walls. I shall never forget the impression I received when glancing up from my examination of some part of the grotto my eye caught the stern figure of a Turkish soldier, stolid and silent, standing on guard close beside me. Even here, in the very birthplace of the Prince of Peace, foul human passions are so invoked in the name of His service, that the Government has

Field of the Shepherds, Bethlehem.

to place a perpetual guard to prevent His professed followers from tearing each other to pieces. The infidel soldier in the birthplace of the Christ—what a terrible commentary on the ancient and oft-quoted saying, "See how these Christians love one another!" What a silent rebuke to all unholy rivalries of sect or creed that soldier standing, rifle in hand, in the semi-darkness of the Grotto of the Nativity!

The sun was westering as we finished our visit to the Convent, and stood once more without its portal, and just lingering for a picture of the building, M—— and I sought our horses and prepared to remount. An eager, noisy, jostling throng of natives surrounded our party anxious to sell us souvenirs of

our visit, in the shape of strings of beads of olive wood, rosaries, and delicate, quaint carvings in mother-of-pearl. It required some force of will at least to get away from their claims and persistency, but the stentorian voice of our dragoman and the shaking of his horsewhip at length cleared the way for us, and we began slowly to descend the winding pathway that leads from the Convent past the traditional Field of the Shepherds. Here we halted for ten minutes, and then struck down toward the Wilderness of Judea on our way to the Convent of Mar Saba, and our camping-ground in the ravine of the Kidron. Three quarters of an hour from Bethlehem we gained the top of the last ridge that commands a view of it, and stopped to look back at it for the last time. There it lay far away on the hill-top, its white buildings standing out against the clear, western sky, bathed in the beauty and glory of evening sunlight—the City of David, the City of Christ. My friend M—— and I were the last of the cavalcade to cross the ridge, and lifting my hat reverently as I passed it, I exclaimed, "Thank God for Bethlehem!" "Yes," said M——, thoughtfully, "and thank God for Him who came to Bethlehem!" And so saying, we rode on together.

BETHLEHEM.

THOUGH poor be the chamber, come here,
Come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven
Hath to mortals given
Life for evermore.

Shepherds who folded your flocks beside you,
Tell what was told by angel voices near,
To you this night is born He who will guide you
Through paths of peace to living waters clear.

Kings from a far land draw near and behold Him,
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come;
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal enfold Him;
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.

Wind to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,
Wave of the sea the tidings bear afar,
The night is gone! Behold in all its glory
All broad and bright rises th' Eternal Morning Star.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BY B. E. BULL, B.A.

DERWENTWATER, SCAFELL.

THE English lakes have not been properly appreciated by the English people themselves, and are visited by but comparatively few American tourists. People rush off to the Scottish Lochs and Highlands, forgetful, as their train bears them northwards, that they are passing by both lake and mountain scenery, which would afford them in a singularly compact area a combination of sublimity and beauty unsurpassed in Great Britain.

As an English writer says, "We penetrate the glaciers and traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, whilst our domestic lakes of

Ullswater, Keswick and Windermere exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood and water, backed with so stupendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him."

The Lake District is singularly destitute of those traditions, legends and tales which add so much charm of an external character to the Rhine, the Scottish lakes and Killarney; and the wonder is why it should be so, when the whole lake and country-side is so full of surroundings favourable for the birthplace of romantic fancies. It comprises parts of the three counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland and Cumberland. Our approach was from the south, *via* Lancaster, stopping at Grange-over-Sands at the head of Morecambe Bay. Near by is Holkar Hall, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, embracing a fine park and well-kept gardens. If being sure of a "seat" can make a man happy, some of these English noblemen should certainly be more than contented. I was informed, if my memory serves me, that this noble Duke owns about fourteen residences, of which Holkar Hall is his favourite. Not far from the Hall is Cartmel Cathedral, an old building of considerable architectural beauty, which contains a beautiful monument commemorative of the late Lord Cecil Frederick Cavendish, son of the Duke, who was murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin. It represents, in beautifully polished granite, a bier on which is laid out in white marble the recumbent figure ready for the tomb.

Leaving Grange, a short railway journey brings us to Furness Abbey, now the property of the Duke of Devonshire. This picturesque ruin was founded by Stephen, afterwards King of England. In 1127 it was occupied by Benedictine monks, who afterwards entered the Cistercian Order and assumed their dress. It is situated in a narrow sequestered dell, and is a spot well adapted for the retirement of monastic life. The ivy-mantled ruins reveal the former magnificence and extent of the building, while the Norman and Gothic architecture attest its antiquity.

Another short railway run brings us to Coniston Lake, where we get our first view of what can be properly called a part of the English Lake District. To one accustomed to the extent of our Canadian lakes, the first impression is almost akin to disappointment, the lake is so small—only about six miles long by

about half a mile broad. A steam gondola, however, is waiting to take us down to the southern extremity and back, and as we sail along, we begin to realize the charm of the mountain cincture which girds the bright sparkling waters. On the west, near the head, is Coniston Old Man—2,600 feet high. Farther down on the east side is "Brentwood," the residence of Mr. Ruskin, whose profound studies the shrill whistle of our gondola must, many a time, have interrupted. From Coniston we drove to Ambleside, eight miles, the road winding around among the mountains and hills and down through the valleys, affording charming views of the picturesque landscape around us, and of the distant lakes and mountains.

Here we get our first experience of English coaching, so largely patronized through these resorts. With us in America, tourists no sooner begin to invade in numbers a lake or mountain district than the inevitable railroad engine comes puffing and screeching along, disturbing with its noise and bustle the tranquil harmony of nature. Happily the English Lake District has, so far, escaped such vandalism. Railroads circle it on all sides, but as yet, there has been no invasion of the interior. In fact, a special society, called "The Lake Defence Society," has been in operation several years, and has done noble work in and out of parliament in frustrating schemes for the promotion and building of railroads in the district.

Very complete arrangements have been made for coaching tours through the finest scenery. I feel my inability to even attempt a description of these delightful drives. The best description of the pleasures of English coaching I have seen is to be found in Andrew Carnegie's "Four-in-hand through Great Britain," which, to me, was the next best thing to a seat beside the red-coated "'Arry," who, with an eye to future rewards, indicates the points of interest as he dexterously flips a fly, with his long lash, from the leader's ear. With level roads and fresh horses, we roll along at a spanking pace—now through the quiet country lane, where the luxuriant foliage on either side overhangs the narrow roadway, the well-kept hedges dividing the green fields—then out into the open country, skirting the mountains and climbing the hills, and along by the side of some silvery lake, glistening like a diamond mid the golden-tipped mountains. Mid such surroundings, one feels like Burns, that

"Warly cares an' warly men may a' gae tapsal teerie O."

Ambleside is a small and irregularly built market village, with about 2,000 inhabitants, and not a very desirable stopping-place for the tourist. It is the centre from which numerous coaching expeditions start, and there is too much noise and bustle to fit one for the tranquillity of the lakes and mountains. But the poets and writers have made this sacred soil forever, and we read and think of it as interpreted by them. Wordsworth, Dr. Wilson, De Quincy, Dr. Arnold, Harriet Matineau, Felicia Hemans, Arthur Clough, Hartley Coleridge, Matthew

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

Arnold, and others, are names familiar to this locality. There is "The Knoll," Miss Martineau's house; and over there "Fox How," the residence of Dr. Arnold, where he wrote his "History of Rome."

Lake Windermere, about ten miles long and one in breadth at its widest part, is the largest in the district. Numerous islands diversify its surface, and the prevailing characteristic of the surrounding scenery is a soft and graceful beauty.

There is nothing approaching grandeur except at the head, where the outlying mountains rise to lofty eminences, presenting a fine perspective. The margin is lined by hills and mountains, not remarkably high, but so luxuriantly clothed with foliage that the soft bewitching charm is unbroken by a single

craggy peak. One would think the trees had been all carefully planted, then trimmed and trained into shape so that no angularity should mar the softly-rounded surface. One of our dismantled pine-trees, blackened and charred as we often see them, placed there, would destroy the soft harmonious beauty of the surroundings. Some of the other lakes are wilder and grander than Windermere, but my feelings when visiting it, are well expressed in the language of an American lady, who said she always knew when she had crossed the boundary line into Canada by "the delicious feeling of restfulness that pervades everything and everybody."

The centre of the literary associations of this lake is "Elleray" the residence of Dr. Wilson, which commands magnificent views of the lake and surroundings. The town of Bourness, about half way down the lake, a favourite stopping-place for summer visitors, is pleasantly situated on rising ground overlooking the lake. From Biskey How, a bold eminence at the back of the town, a grand view of the lake and countryside is obtained. The beautiful Belle Isle extends along right in front of the town, while on the other side the shore rises in graceful beauty to its verdure-crowned height.

The drive from Ambleside to Keswick is something to be remembered for a life-time. Passing Rydal Hall, with its celebrated waterfalls in the park, we see Rydal Mount, for thirty-seven years the residence of Wordsworth, and where he also died in April, 1850, in the eightieth year of his age. It stands on a projection called Nab Scar. The grounds laid out almost wholly by the poet's own hands show, that not only could he sing of the beauties of nature, but practically assist nature in developing beauty. A little farther on is Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge lived.

Reaching Grasmere, we find a little cottage, occupied by Wordsworth for eight years, where he wrote many of his earlier poems; and there, in the quiet burying ground of the parish church, are interred the remains of the poet who, more than any other, has translated into human feeling and language the beautiful works of the Creator; while just behind the plain tombstone stands another, marking the final resting-place of the mortal remains of Coleridge. Wordsworth was to the English lakes what Scot and Burns were to Scotland. James R. Lowell happily calls this part of the district "Wordworthshire." Every spot breathes memories of the lake poet, and truly as we

gaze on the tranquil loveliness of the little Lake Grasmere, with the pretty little village nestling at the foot of the mountains by its side, we can trace the source of much of his poetic inspiration. Skirting the base of Helvellyn, next to Scafel, the highest mountain in the district, we pass Lake Thirlmere, which is to supply the city of Manchester with water.

Keswick is a market town, but architecturally has nothing to recommend it. It forms, however, a capital centre for excursions to certain parts of the district, and the scenery in its immediate neighbourhood is charming, while for driving or pedestrian excursions the points of interest are numerous.

Greta Hall was, for years, the residence of the poet Southey, and in the graveyard of the parish church rests his body.

The beautiful Derwentwater is about half a mile from the town. This lake is only about three miles long by one and a half broad, but it is generally conceded that the scenery is grander, finer and more uniform than that of any of the other lakes. It is completely shut in by mountains, which cannot be said of any of the larger lakes. It is rounder also and less like a river. It combines the loveliness of the more peaceful mountain scenery with crags and peaks and mountain torrents, which give in miniature the impression of grandeur and magnificence pertaining to the Swiss mountains. Near this lake are the Falls of Lodore, immortalized by Southey, and if you happen to visit them during a wet season or after a heavy rainstorm, you may have cause to be satisfied with your excursion, but as the water was not turned on when we were there, we concluded to leave to our imagination how it could "Come down the Lodore."

Ullswater is next to Windermere, the largest lake, being about nine miles long by one broad. The mountain peaks and hills lining its shores are grander, and the whole class of scenery more solemn and solitary than that of Windermere. The whole district is hilly and mountainous, but of course on a smaller scale than those surrounding the Scottish lakes. Scafel Pike, 3,200 feet, is the highest, while both Helvellyn and Skiddaw are over 3,000 feet. The elevations are, with few exceptions, clothed with a luxuriant growth of trees, and owing to the frequent rains, the foliage in the summer is always green. There are pathways up all the mountains, and the pedestrian tourist is furnished with many opportunities for testing his strength and powers of endurance.

I have given but a general outline of the attractions of this

lovely section of country. To properly understand and appreciate its many and varied attractions, I recommend every visitor to the Mother-land to "take in" the lakes. A pleasant trip and general idea of the locality can be had in a few days, but stay a fortnight, or longer if possible, and though you may have been solemnly impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of the Alpine scenery, or thrilled with emotion while skirting the Scottish Lochs where every island and glade is celebrated in lore or sung in verse, the tranquil and peaceful beauty of the English lakes will live forever in your memory.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS.

O LORD, there sit apart in lonely places,
On this the gladdest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

Lord, there be toiling ones on whom life's burden
Presses so ceaselessly they have no time
To snatch for a brief hour rest's blessed guerdon
Or swell by one faint note our Christmas chime.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
Send Thou the lowly Christ-child very near.

And there be tempted souls this night still waging
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers
Anthems of peace, while the dead strife is raging,
Sound but as mockery through their midnght hours.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the tempted, sinless Christ-child near.

O Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones sobbing
Who feel this night all earthly love denied,
Who hear but dirges in the loud bells' throbbing
For loved ones lost who blessed last Chrismas-tide.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the loving Christ-child very near.

For those who from disease of body languish,
For those who weep for children gone astray,
For those whose sore hearts hide in secret anguish
Some grief which shrinks from the clear light of day,—
For all who suffer, our petition hear,
And send Thou Christ, the Comforter, most near.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS MEMORIES.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT.

THE mistletoe, which our fathers flung contemptuously away, contained a lesson they would have done more wisely to have heeded.

As the story runs, Balder, the god of peace, was so beautiful that all who saw him loved him. When he lay in his cradle, his mother spoke a charm which restrained all created things from harming him. Eventually it became a pastime of the Scandinavian deities to gather around their favourite and hurl missiles at him to provoke his smiles, which were more lustrous than sunbeams. Oak could not bruise him, granite could not wound him, iron could not pierce him. Obedient to Friga's charm, they fell as thistledown upon his body. But the mother forgot to charm the mistletoe. It grew concealed from sight, and seemed too insignificant for notice. When Loke grew envious, he plucked a spray of mistletoe, sharpened it to an arrow's point, and persuaded Hoder, who was blind, to cast it at Balder. The missile flew with fatal aim and heaven was draped in mourning.

In 1644 the Long Parliament decreed that Christmas, which had long been the merriest day of all the year, should be observed as a fast. But the Pilgrims had already written in the journal of the *Mayflower*: "Dec. 25, 1620: This day we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry, so no man rested on that day." Thus they repeated Lady Friga's error. They consecrated all departments of life except its recreations. Those sturdy heroes fancied play too trivial for their notice. They had no time for sports. They

*From *The World to Come*. By WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflen & Co. The Rev. Dr. Duryea says: "Those who are looking up the origin of the customs which prevail among many peoples and ourselves in the keeping of Christmas will do well to consult this essay. It is the result of researches patiently conducted in this country and abroad for twenty years. The sources have been examined with great care; every statement is accurate, and can be supported by quotations if necessary; and there is no such an account of these matters elsewhere in the English language, and probably not in any other language, in one volume."

forgot that it is never the consciousness of immortality that makes men feel hurried. Only the consciousness of mortality can do that, for he that believeth shall not make haste. Many a Christian parent has loved his children, toiled for them, instructed them, prayed with them, given the best hours of his life to them, and seen them sloughed at last in dissipation, solely because he never played with them. Play is the divinely ordained business of childhood. It is generally in the "child garden" that the human spirit learns to eat or to refuse forbidden fruits. Christmas bears witness that "the ministers of salvation" began their work by thronging the air with radiance and song.

Christmas originated in the instinctive protest of the Christian consciousness against asceticism. It came of a half-conscious endeavour to stamp the divine seal upon gladness.

In the fourth century the relation of the Church to the world had come to resemble that which exists to-day. Christianity had become the dominant religion. But the splendid sports of the pagans drew Christian youths into the ring, the theatre and the temple. To win them thence, the fathers instituted a Christian festival more alluring than those heathen ones which had proved so seductive. The time selected for its celebration proves the bravery of its originators.

The winter solstice, when the days begin to lengthen, as if the eyes of Time dilated while they watched their returning Lord, has always been the part of the year most honoured by all systems of nature-worship. At this season the heathen world celebrated its most brilliant rites and its wildest orgies: the Swedes kindling bonfires on their hill-tops, and crowning columns with evergreen for Lady Friga's sake; the Romans were rushing through their streets in the revels of the Saturnalia; Grecian maidens were waving torches on Helicon to Dionysus; Egyptian youths were bringing branches of palm to the temples of Horus; Persians were singing the birth of Mithras; and even Hindoos were shouting their loudest cries to Vishnu. Each of these festivals had come to be defiled by practices it would be unseemly to describe, when, in the midst of this whirl and confusion, where drunkards raved, night-birds screamed, and serpents coiled, the bold fathers planted the cross, called down the dove, set the cradle of Christ, and declared to those various forms of sun-worship, which numbered among their disciples nine-twelfths of the Roman Empire, "The Babe is the Light of the World."

Gradually the pagan festivals disappeared, supplanted by Christmas. The victor came forth triumphant, adorned with the spoils taken from those she had conquered and superseded. Those spoils she still wears, for most of our Christmas customs are only pagan practices picked from the mire and made clean. Bishop Liberius would have exulted could he have foreseen what has since come to pass, when, in the year 342, he preached at Rome the first Christmas sermon.

Christmas is not only the children's day: it is a memorial of the childhood of Christendom.

Men love to perpetuate the memories of their childhood. We do not banish Robinson Crusoe from our hearts when we have ceased to believe the fiction fact. The religion of one age has often become the poetry of the next. During the Middle Ages Europe was in its imaginative childhood. Beliefs which to us are fancies were then religious creeds. Many of them still linger, half believed, among the peasants of the old world, and give an atmosphere of peculiar sanctity to Christmas Eve.

In parts of Germany the belief still flutters in many a heart that on the Holy Night all nature bloomed with the pristine loveliness of Eden. On its return the heavens still drop healing dews, and the aspen-tree distils a precious balsam. At midnight the maidens of Thuringen enter the gardens robed in white, shake the fruit-trees and sing:—

"Sleep not, sleep not little trees!
The good lady draws nigh!
The sun's daughter is coming,
She will give you leaves,
She will give you flowers,
She will give you fruits;
But eye shall not see
What she hangeth on thee,
Till summer returns
And the July sun burns."

On this Holy Night alone of all the year the quivering aspen-tree has rest. For eighteen centuries her leaves have shivered with the guilty consciousness that she furnished wood for the cross of Christ. On Christmas Eve she rests, remembering that she also furnished wood for the Redeemer's cradle. A leafless bough placed in water on St. Andrew's night will blossom Christmas Eve, and roses of Jericho will adorn it all the year. At twelve o'clock the pains of the lost are relaxed,

Judas sleeps upon his bed of fire. For an hour Herod ceases to clank his chains. On this night Pontius Pilate's ghost, which has wandered all the year on the summit of Mount Pilatus vainly striving to cleanse its hands in the water of "Dead Man's Lake," but only generating storms by the endeavour, rests until the dawn. The Wandering Jew hears no longer the goading voice, "Onward, ever onward!" He sinks upon the ground, his black hair blanches, and he slumbers peacefully as a little child. The daughter of Herodias, doomed to spin an eternal dance in circles round the Arctic pole, finds rest on Christmas Eve. Mountains open their sides. The subterranean gnomes cast forth gems and gold, which are washed with the sand down river channels for the use of men. Water drawn this night will change to wine or preserve its sweetness through the year. At twelve o'clock animals are endued with powers of speech and prophecy. The planets stand still while the beasts of the forests kneel in prayer for men. The sound of church bells will be heard wherever a church has stood, though no vestige of its ruins remain. Bread baked in the open air to-night will cure diseases. Lie in a manger and you will see your future: and so on.

When our children ask for the wish-bones at dinner, dry them, pull them with each other, and believe that he who gets the longest limb will have his wish, they are imitating Cornelia and Julius Cæsar, for this same thing the Roman augurs taught children to do at the Saturnalia two thousand years ago.

But shadows also lie on the blessed night. Amber is the congealed tears which mermaids weep into the sea on Christmas Eve, because they have no share in the trophies of the time.

> "For this is the day when the fairy kind
> Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
> When the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
> And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot.
> For this is the day when a deed was done,
> In which they have neither part nor share;
> For the children of clay was salvation won,
> But not for the forms of earth or air."

Malignant spirits are on the watch, and would riot over the earth but for this. The cock crows all night on Christmas Eve, and the wicked imps, who cannot be wise or they would not be wicked, think it continually about to dawn, and are afraid to appear lest the sun may overtake them.

We twine wreaths of holly with the scarlet berries and call them Christmas wreaths. The Danes taught us to do that. They said Christ's crown was made of holly. When its briers touched His brow they softened into pointed leaves, and the berries which had been white before were dyed scarlet by His blood.

The Thanksgiving mince pie appears to be inherited from Christmas. Originally it contained no meat but mutton, perhaps from deference to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Into it was put all fruits and spices brought from the East, some say in memory of the Wise Men whose gifts came from the Orient. But the truer theory seems to be that the grateful housewife strove to combine, in a thankful offering, all the products of the year from near and far. In England, to suggest the manger, the crust was made oblong in shape.

From Germany comes the Christmas-tree. The legend runs that when Eve plucked that unwholesome apple, the fruit fell from the tree of life, its leaves shrank into needle points, its rich green turned sombre. It short, it became the fir-tree, whose evergreen dress beneath the winter snow still marks it as the tree of life.

On the night of Christ's birth the tree cast off its mournful dress and bloomed again as of old. This legend is reënacted when we take the fir-tree, decorate it with all things bright and beautiful, and hang upon its boughs gifts radiant with love; leaves and fruits for the healing of the nations. Only by miracle was the true nature of the fir-tree learned.

Our custom of giving presents is borrowed from the Romans. Their usual gift was a small taper of white wax. Love makes light. But in the time of Tacitus the custom had developed so much ostentation that only the wealthiest could afford to meet the expectations of their friends. Fashionable people sometimes bankrupted themselves by making Saturnalia presents, hoping to receive back again more than they gave. The same danger threatens Christmas among us.

These old traditions would not be worth repeating, but for the fact already mentioned. Most of them were once religious creeds. History was shaped by them, as we are shaping history by our strenuous faith in the opposite of the Gospels.

For an illustration, the legend of the Magi may serve. Its influence can be traced through the Middle Ages, and its power in moulding history shown. This is the tradition. The three

Wise Men who came from the East bearing gifts were kings. Twelve days were consumed in their journey. This is one of the reasons given for continuing Christmas festivities twelve days, and concluding them with the Twelfth Night of England, or Sylvester Abend of Germany.

The names of the Wise Men were Melchior, Jaspar, Belthazar. Melchior's gift was a golden apple, which had been cast by Alexander from the tribute of the world, and thirty pieces of silver. What became of the apple I do not know, but the history of the money has been preserved in the following legend. A Chaldean idol of gold was melted and minted by Terah, and the coins, thirty in number, given to his son Abraham. By Abraham they were paid to Ephron the Hittite for the cave in which Sarah was buried. Thence the coins passed into the hands of the Ishmaelite merchants, who with them bought Joseph from his treacherous brothers. To Joseph they were repaid by these same brethren, when they went to Egypt after corn. With the same coins Joseph bought, from the sovereign of Sheba, spices to embalm his father. After lying a few centuries in the imperial treasury, they were brought by the Queen of Sheba as a present to Solomon. The king of Arabia plundered them from the Temple in the time of Rehoboam. They remained in Arabia until Melchior, the king of that country, brought them to Mary. When the Holy Family fled to Egypt, Herod's soldiers pursued them closely. They passed a field where a man was sowing wheat. The grain sprang up instantly by miracle. An hour later the soldiers arrived. "Have any fugitives passed this way?" they asked. "Not since that field was sowed!" was the reply. As the grain was ready to harvest, the soldiers turned another way. When Mary saw the miracle, in surprise she dropped the money Melchior had given her. The peasant picked it up, paid it as a votive offering to the temple at Jerusalem, where it remained until given by the high priest to Judas for the betrayal. How the coins became silver, though they had been cast from an idol of gold, I do not know. Perhaps the idol was only plated. It would be encouraging to discover such an evidence that pagans also tried to be thrifty in matters of religion.

In return for their gifts, Mary gave the Wise Men the swaddling clothes, and the three were eventually baptized by St. Thomas. In the fourth century their remains were miraculously discovered by the Empress Helena and removed to Constantinople.

Here the legend ends and history begins. In the Church of St. Sophia reliques supposed to be those of the Wise Men had long been worshipped, when in the twelfth century they were removed to Milan and presented by the Emperor Frederick, in 1164, to Rhinaldus who carried them to his bishopric of Cologne. Hence the Magi were called the Three Kings of Cologne. King Louis of France, leaving the skulls at Cologne, transported the bones to Paris. Those who visited Paris to worship at their shrine received rings or fragments of ivory or parchment inscribed with the names of the three worthies, usually with some word of benediction added. These were worn about the person as amulets. They were believed to protect the possessor from disease, and were largely used as gifts between friends. From such a practice arose the custom so common on the continent, of giving Christmas mottoes, the originals of Christmas cards.

But we have not reached the end of this legend of the Wise Men. The three skulls have long been preserved at Cologne, their names written in rubies. They were kept in a mimic temple of gold and gems in the most sacred shrine of the ancient edifice. Over them, and because they were there, arose the grandest monument of Gothic art, the mighty minster of Cologne.

In the year 1212, before the present edifice was built, a peasant boy named Nicholas appeared in Cologne. He was twelve years old. He claimed to be a messenger from Jesus Christ to the children of Germany. He said he had been sent to lead them to the Holy Land. The elders had failed to capture the selpulchre of Christ by swords and spears. Therefore the little ones must win it by their songs. Jesus would divide the sea for them to pass, and teach them songs which should make the walls of Jerusalem fall down and convert the Saracens to His service.

At the spot consecrated by the reliques of the first pilgrims from the East the children gathered. In his childish treble, with the eloquence of complete conviction, the boy proclaimed the glory of the enterprise. He pointed to the golden casket which enclosed the reliques of the Wise Men. His message fell upon willing ears. It entered hearts full of the crusaders' ardour, which had passed from men and entered the children. These gathered from near and from far. They could not be restrained. Of those kept by force at home, some sickened and died. The superstition of the age saw in their deaths the

judgment of God upon those who had attempted to oppose the will of the Holy Spirit. Even the Pope feared to speak against the enterprise. The children of the poor went unattended. The rich sent servants with their little ones. Hundreds of monks joined the weird caravan. In July or August of the year forty thousand children, many of them under twelve, marched from Cologne. Some were clad in crusader's costume, white, with a cross of scarlet cloth upon the shoulder. Each wore a palmer's hat and bore a palmer's staff. They moved in two columns, their small hands grasping tiny pennons and mimic crosiers. Twenty thousand of them ascended the Rhine. They had no organization, no commissariat. Their only plan was to follow the leader, whom they believed to be inspired. It seems to have been expected that they would be miraculously guarded. It almost seems as if they were.

At nightfall they lay down upon the grass and slept until the dawn. They ate what charity bestowed as they passed through village and hamlet. Those who had provisions in their small crusading sacks shared with those who had none. They advanced practising the hymns they were to sing before Jerusalem. Some of these hymns which Nicholas had taught them are still preserved. One, if it was indeed composed by a boy of twelve, and not, as has been suspected, by his father, is little less than a miracle. Rendered from the Latin it runs thus:

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nations,
Thou of Mary and of God the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honour,
Thee my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

"Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the beauty of the spring!
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes our saddened hearts to sing."

They have reached the Alps. Hardship and famine have been at work. They are only ten thousand now. Still they struggle forward, over the terrible pass that nearly thwarted Hannibal and Napoleon.

Their tender feet press the flints and tread the ice of the lonely glacier, but the moon shines softly and the stars are

bright while the little ones kneel at nightfall in the snow, and their sobs pass into melody:—

"Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the sparkling starry host!
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines fairer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast."

After seven hundred miles of journeying these little wanderers appear approaching Genoa. The amazed Italians ask the meaning of their coming.

"May we rest one night in your city? We are going to deliver Palestine and baptize the Paynim." The city asked the children to remain a few days for rest, and promised then to send them safely home. The offer was gently rejected.

"We would only rest one night in this city. To-morrow Jesus will make a path through the waters for His holy children, and we will journey on."

Bitter was their disappointment when the next day's sun revealed the ocean still impassable. Of these enthusiasts it is not known that one ever reached his home again. History has passed lightly over this marvellous episode as a mystery it is equally unable to explain or deny. The one truth preached by these children the world cannot afford to forget. It is that the harp is stronger than the sword. The crusaders of the nineteenth century are between the rich and the poor. To bridge the space between them with genial fellowship has been a main work of Christmas.

Once a year, at the festival of Mithras, it is said that the Parthian monarch descended from his throne, stood upon the ground, clasped hand with the common people, and cried "I am one of you." At the Saturnalia masters and slaves exchanged apparel, the masters served while the slaves sat at table. Liberty of speech was allowed. At the banquet some one was by vote elected temporary king. Beans, white and black, were used as ballots. White "yes," black "no," Generally a wit of obscure birth like Plautus was selected, and all his commands must be obeyed. Hence the English Twelfth Night with its "King of the Bean," or "Lord of Misrule." Here are germs of the old-time English Christmas.

The centre of the Christmas dinner was the boar's-head—sacred animal—because by rooting with his tusks in the ground

he taught mankind to plough. It has been observed that this is not the only habit men appear to have derived from the same instructor. When the Puritans abolished the boar's head by law, even the Christmas pie and plum-pudding were for a time counted heretical, which made Sir Roger de Coverly remark that he had hope of the Roundheads when he observed them at the king's pudding.

A beautiful dish was the peacock. Sometimes it was carefully skinned so as not to mar the plumage, the flesh cooked and replaced within the skin and brought upon the table with all the feathers flying. Sometimes it was baked in a pie, the head and tail in full splendour appearing above the crust, to give origin to the Shakespearian phrase: "By the cock and pie."

In the kitchen every member of the household, from duke to scullion, must aid in carrying the Yule log, while each one tried to drop his end upon his neighbour's toes, as Congressmen endeavour to carry through Congress bills which, though remunerative, are likely to prove unpopular. Even the learned barristers share in the revels. Dugdale tells us the matter was not left to their option. All the members of the bar were obliged to dance after the Christmas dinner, before the judges, chancellors, and benchers, and with them. In the reign of James I., all the barristers at Lincoln's Inn were disbarred by decimation, because they refused to dance at Candlemas according to the ancient order of the society. It would amaze us if Harvard should refuse to graduate students who could not or would not dance the hornpipe. Yet out of such soil grew Bacon, Burleigh, and Blackstone.

France seems least of all the nations in Europe to have enjoyed the spirit of Christmas. Frenchmen could not even make a Christmas pudding. Louis le Grand once attempted to regale the English ambassador upon that celebrated viand. He sent to London for the recipe, instructed the royal cook with his royal lips, told how to mingle the flour and the condiments, how many raisins and how much citron to use. But he forgot to tell the cook to boil the pudding in a bag, and the combined efforts of the greatest monarch, and the most famous *chef* in Europe resulted in a mess which had to be served like soup in a tureen, while the guests were compelled to harpoon the floating plums with forks or dredge them up with ladles.

The cynical, unlovely customs which have hung upon the robes of Christmas come from France. Such is April Fool's

day, which was first devised in memory of the bootless errand on which Pilate sent Christ to Herod, and was afterwards transferred to the time of Easter.

At Christmas-tide the priests entered the pulpits and crowed as chanticleers, calling themselves St. Peter's cocks. They disguised, perhaps it would be more accurate to say revealed, themselves in asses' skins and brayed in honour of Balaam, who first predicted the rising of the Star of Bethlehem. They celebrated the time, as that navigator who sighted certain bluffs in South-eastern Africa on Christmas Day, and therefore called them "Natal," or "birth town," without suspecting that they were a gateway to a land of diamonds. French merrymakings are more redolent of gas-lights than of May-blossoms.

But the genius of kindness and Christmas polity is nowhere more completely presented than in the American conception of Santa Claus. I once knew a little boy who had seen that hero. It was after midnight when the child stole down the broad stairway, crossed the deserted hall, and entered the large dining-room. The fire was out. The moonlight cast fantastic shadows upon the floor, as he crouched beside the huge Franklin stove, shivering with cold and awe. A rustling in the chimney, a fall of soot upon the hearth. "He is coming! He is coming!"

"As still as death with stifled breath,"

the watching eyes dilate with fear and expectation. A moment of quivering excitement, and the fur cap, the twinkling eyes appear! But what is this? A tail! Bitter was the disappointment when there appeared the tame raccoon, which had been shut out by accident, and had taken this mode of entrance, not because it was Christmas, but because it was cold. But the disappointment was tempered and made tolerable by the strong suspicion which the boy still retains, though thirty years have passed, that it was St. Nicholas, and that he suddenly changed into a familiar form to baffle and rebuke a wicked curiosity. Did not Proteus assume the appearance of a seal under similar conditions?

But why can Santa Claus enter only by the chimney? The road he travels was prepared by the Norse Goddess Hertha. At the festival held in her honour the house was decked with evergreens. An altar of flat stones, called Hertha's stones, contracted eventually into "hearthstone," was placed at one extremity of the hall in which the family assembled. Fir

boughs were piled upon it, and the torch applied. As the crackling boughs shrivelled, the Goddess was supposed to descend through the smoke, and so to guide the flames that those skilled in Saga lore could predict the destinies of each person present from the movements of the fire flakes. When the older festival was absorbed in Christmas, Santa Claus must needs come by the way Hertha had opened for him.

St. Nicholas—the name has been contracted into Santa Claus by dropping the first instead of the last syllable, as Alexander is shortened into Sandy—must not be confounded, as he often is in America, with Kris-Kringle, the little Christ-child, or Christ-Kindlein, who goes about Holland on errands of loving-kindness. The veritable St. Nicholas was born at Patara early in the fourth century. His piety was unparalleled. His nurse could never wash the soles of his feet, because he would continually stand erect in the attitude of prayer, even while he was being bathed. His sanctity was so great that when an infant at the breast he fasted twice a week, and could not be induced to touch pap or gruel on Fridays. His virtues multiplied with his years, until he was known throughout Christendom as "The Good."

An Italian nobleman of wrecked fortunes had three daughters. Too poor to portion them with dowries, the wicked parent apprenticed them to degrading employments. St. Nicholas heard of this, came at night, and threw three bags filled with gold into the house, to be used as marriage portions for the girls, or returned to the giver. Thus he put the father in pawn for his children. This gave him rank as the first Christian pawnbroker. The three purses of gold, rounded into three gilded balls, which still hang about the doors of these benevolent institutions, and serve as stars to mariners, for the help of victims persecuted by the police, point to St. Nicholas as the patron saint of pawnbrokers.

The news of the saint's kindness was spread afar. The nuns of a certain convent begged their abbess to persuade St. Nicholas to visit them. He consented to do so, and sent word that every nun who gave him one of her stockings should receive it again filled with sweetmeats. Hence came his habit of filling stockings.

At another time a nobleman sent his two sons to Athens to be educated. But first he dispatched them to St. Nicholas to receive his blessing and advice. It was night when they reached

the holy man's abode, and with boyish bashfulness they withdrew to the village inn to wait until the morning. There the landlord murdered them and stole their gold. The deed was disclosed to St. Nicholas in a vision. He charged the innkeeper with the crime, brought him to confession and repentance, forgave him, resuscitated the dead youths, sent them on their way rejoicing, and has been ever since the patron saint of schoolboys.

The legend of St. Nicholas is the protest of healthy human instinct against the ecclesiastical asceticism of the Middle Ages. That the wholesome reaction did not succeed without opposition may be, perhaps, inferred from the fact that the same conception which we love to cherish by the name of Santa Claus, inspired in some minds those fears which are still suggested by that other name, "The Old Nick." But the wiser course prevailed. While the monks taught that piety and cheerfulness were foes, that the doors of heaven swung on leaden hinges, and that hilarity and gaiety were crimes: in violent half-conscious protest against that accepted creed, the saintliest saint in all the calendar, the only one who never committed a sin, and whose saintship dates from his cradle, was sent forth in fullest sympathy with the universal human heart to scatter smiles and rain down gladness, and teach once more that only they who become as little children can enter the kingdom of God.

Thus Christmas bids us make our churches radiant, and our homes happy with the gladness children can enjoy. It is well worth our while to do so. Chambers quotes from Dr. Jamieson a letter of Hamilton's, written when the disciples of John Knox were striving to drive Christmas out of Scotland. The ministers, it is said, made their wives spin flax at the front doors, and the more zealous sent their servants into the fields to plough on Christmas Day, to emphasize their disapproval of the popular festivities. "Yes," wrote Hamilton, "the ministers of Scotland cause their wifis and servants to spin in open sight on Yule Day; and their auditors constrain their tenants to yoke their pleuchs on Yule Day in contempt of Christ's nativite! Whilk our Lord has not left unpunishit! For their oxen ran wod [mad] and brak their nekis, and lamit some o' the pleuchmen."

In our day there is small danger that such blunders will be repeated. He best uses Christmas who makes his home so

happy that his children cannot be enticed from it. A happy childhood is a saving talisman through life. The angels that hover over his mother's chair follow a man always.

A youth sat in his solitary room thinking of the circle around his father's hearth. He was in a foreign land, it was the first Christmas he had spent away from home, and a huge city lay around him. In the great capital he thought no one but he seemed sad. The boy or the man who has grown too old to long for home is to be pitied, for home is the little mirror lake in this world, the only one that, by its still reflection of what bends over us, discloses the reality of heaven. The youth was homesick. There came a knock upon the door. A stranger entered. At least he was almost a stranger, for the two had met but once. The stranger brought an invitation to his house. Not without protest, for the young are often shy, the invitation was accepted. They did not go directly to the stranger's house. First, they made a little tour together. The stranger's pockets were plethoric, and he carried a large basket on his arm. It, too, was full. They went to many a door that had no bell, up many a stairway that was dark and dank. Wherever they appeared children clustered around them with gleeful welcomes. Each child received some token that Christ was in the world. For the sick there was delicacies, for the old comforts. When the youth praised the stranger's benevolence, the sole reply was this: "Oh, no! I am only trying to pay back!" The words were not quite plain, but both were made happy by sight of so many faces brightened by their coming, and sound of so many benedictions.

When pockets and basket were empty the two reached the stranger's house. There was waiting a little maiden just twelve months old to a day. A mother held her. The maiden crowed and cooed, pursed up her red lips to be kissed, and reached out her arms to be taken. Then by the light in her father's eyes the meaning grew plain of the words he had spoken: "Trying to pay back! Trying to pay back."

The memory of that Christmas has been to the youth who experienced it a perpetual benediction. He forgot that he was not one of the family. There were trifles upon the Christmas-tree with his name written upon them. There was a chair for him at the Christmas table. When he feared for a moment he might jar the peace of the household by intrusion of foreign

feet, the anxiety was banished by the echo of the words, "Trying to pay back!"

Perhaps the hostess divined the thought of her guest, for when they parted she said, with a grace of courtesy acquired by years of familiarity with courts and companionship with a queen, who had since become an empress, "When Noah opened the window and drew in the lonely and wing-weary dove it brought a leaf which made his family far more blessed than it found them."

In that Christmas Day the young man thought he saw a dim but lustrous reflection of that World to Come where a Happy new year shall comfort those that mourn; where the Church of Christ shall appear without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; where praise and prayer shall be spontaneous as the carolling of larks; where all burdens shall be loosed and God's people shall find their joy in serving Him whose name is in their foreheads; where faith shall discern distinctly things not disclosed to sight; where Gideon's men shall rest from their enemies, Saul shall not seek the witches' cave, and Samson shall have learned the truth that can make him free; where the hearts of the children shall have been turned to their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to their children, that the earth may not be smitten with a curse; where he that is least shall be greater than the greatest we have known; where none shall ask, "What must we do to be saved?" but all shall be singing, "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and nation;" where all shall be filled with the Spirit of Him who left the bosom of His Father to make God manifest to men; where the unseen shall be recognized as the real; where the lessons of the lilies shall be heeded, the prophecies of Decoration Day fulfilled, and the gratitude which good men feel at Harvest Home find utterance in the psalm ascending with the voice of many waters, "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us rejoice and be glad and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready!"

AWAKE glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.
Awake! awake!

—*Henry Vaughn.*

UNDER THE HOLLY.

LET us keep the day with gladness,
  Weaving the holly gay
Into a wreath to crown the Babe
  Who in the manger lay,
When shepherds watched their flocks by night
And the stars shone with wondrous light.

O happy, blessed Christmas-tide!
  That day so long ago
When Immanuel veiled His glory
  To save the world from woe;

And conquered death, the grave, and sin,
That we might rise and reign with Him.

And now He wears the kingly robes,
  And waves the victor's palm,
For the Babe of Bethlehem is our Lord—
  Praise Him in joyful psalm
For the love which brought our Lord to earth,
And that Christmas day which saw His birth.

—*Mrs. J. B. Hill.*

UNCLE DICK CURNOW'S CONVERSION.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF EARLY CORNISH METHODISM.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

I.—Which is all About Somebody Else.

I GOT the story from old Miss Jennie. To ask "Miss Jennie who?" would be to provoke a stare of the utmost amazement. There was but one Miss Jennie in all the world—that is to say, in all St. Ivart's; and in the opinion of every soul in that parish all the world and St. Ivart's were one and the same. And no wonder either. For nature had cut them off from the rest of the world by a huge granite-crowned hill; and the road, which went ever so far round, was a succession of such steep ups and downs, past dangerous tidal creeks, and altogether so rough, that nobody went there who could help it. And when he did get there the visitor found such a lovely bay, and such a set of sturdy, warm-hearted, independent folks, that he never went away again if he could help it. So shut in and shut out landward was St. Ivart's. But seaward away stretched the Atlantic for three thousand miles—all theirs so far as they could see, venturing out on its billows and bringing home the hake and silver mackerel, and above all the pilchard, which was, commercially speaking, the life and soul of the place. St. Ivart's might think all the world of itself, but unquestionably the pilchard was all the world to St. Ivart's.

Here lived Miss Jennie. Up a narrow street that led from the rough stone pier, and you came to a house rather bigger and better than its neighbours, with white-washed wall. A little green gate led in over the flat stones to a white-washed house, the very roof itself patched with the universal white-wash. Then you stopped in front of a little low door, painted a vivid green colour. Every door in St. Ivart's was green for that matter, a Cornish sea-green, and every house was white-washed. But then you knew Miss Jennie's by the garden. The rest of the little town was huddled together as if the houses were afraid of being blown away by some of the tremendous gales that swept the place, and had clutched each other for safety. Miss Jennie's stood all by itself in rather a haughty and isolated way; it did not need anybody to lean upon, and was quite able to take care of itself. And *that* was Miss Jennie, all over.

Here she lived—when she was at home; which was not very often. For Miss Jennie was everything. She was class-leader, prayer-leader, and general society-manager; she was the visitor

of every sick and poor lady in the place; she was the looker-up of all absentees from school or from class, or from any of the services; she was the wise healer of breaches, the stern and dreaded reprover of all offenders: and last, but by no means least, she was the nurse of all women, in times when help is more especially needed, the soother of new-born babies—it was wonderful how many of them there were at St. Ivart's—and she was the gratuitous compounder and dispenser of endless balms, lotions, pills, potions, ointments, for everybody. And *that*, too, was Miss Jennie exactly. Where other good people brought a bunch of grapes, she brought "herbs;" where others would think of a pudding, she suggested a poultice.

To say that Miss Jennie was loved would not be true. The fact was, that everybody was rather afraid of her. And yet if you asked any of them about her, they all declared that Miss Jenny was the best friend they ever had, and that nothing seemed right unless she came in to manage it. Every man and woman and child in the place would have done anything for Miss Jennie, and a fair half of the people would have laid down their lives before a hair of her head should have been hurt. New superintendents of the circuit, if they could not discern between deep interest in the welfare of the Church, and a mere meddlesome interference with its affairs—and some men never know one from the other—would be sure to "collide" unpleasantly with Miss Jennie; but a grain of perception, and even less of spiritual discernment, was always enough to set matters right.

Altogether, Miss Jennie was one of those uncommon people whom everybody spoke of as "a character." Tall, square-shouldered, with a large, square face; thick and bushy eyebrows hung over a pair of piercing eyes; a hooked nose; a mouth that could be shut up very tight if she pleased, and yet that could whistle and chirrup to the babies in a way that fascinated them instantly even in their most furious fits—this is what a picture might have shown you. But the live Miss Jennie was a great deal more than any photograph could show. You met her going up those steep hills, the long conspicuous feet taking enormous strides; a large, well-filled bag hung from one arm, whilst the other swung in a very energetic way. You saw her slipping into a score of houses, in almost as many minutes, scolding at one, doctoring at another, here getting a dish of tea for some old, bed-ridden dame; here measuring out two liberal spoonfuls of "doctor's trade," as they called it, and leaving a couple of huge, hard, ill-rounded pills to be taken at night.

Or perhaps you came upon her staying to read a chapter from the Bible to some old sick saint. Ah, then was the time to catch Miss Jennie. Till then you wondered that anybody could ever think of calling her *an angel*. Everything that was

artistic, æsthetic, traditional, imaginative, angrily repudiated the suggestion. Angels are graceful, angels are young, with golden hair and soft eyes, and beautiful complexion. And Miss Jennie was wrinkled, and her hair was a mixture of black and white, and when she read the Bible she put on a pair of spectacles, tilted on the top of her nose, and requiring her to hold up the book and elevate her chin at such an angle that it gave her voice quite a nasal twang. But if you could have been there then; if you could have knelt down in that little room you could have understood it all. The hardness died out of the voice, and there came a tender, touching, trustful pleading as of a little child. Somehow the tears came when Miss Jennie prayed, and you felt sure that everything would be given when Miss Jennie asked for it. That was how every heart in St. Ivart's came to cling to Miss Jennie. On the dreadful nights when the gale had risen suddenly, and the breakers were thundering in the bay, and the fishing-boats were at sea, the lights always burnt in Miss Jennie's room, and folks whispered that she spent the night in prayer at such times; and very often some troubled mother or fearful wife would creep to the little door and beg Miss Jennie "to mind" the lad or the husband in peril on the sea; and then would go back again, calm and strong, as if they had heard through the storm the whisper of His "Fear not." You could quite believe then the story they told, of how one summer and autumn no fish had come into the bay, and the harvest of the sea threatened a terrible failure. Want was already pinching the poorer amongst them, and all dreaded the prospect of the winter. Then one night Miss Jennie had pleaded at their weekly prayer-meeting; pleading, it seemed, as near to the feet of Jesus as any ever came of olden time; and then, how that, going homewards, she bade them have all ready for a haul, they were coming. And the nex day at dawn the cry rang from the lock-out, "Heva, Heva!" and the bay was alive with the fish.

Miss Jennie's counsel to the fair maidens of St. Ivart's anticipated and emphasized the familiar advice of later times. "Going to be married! Don't—don't. The men be all very well, I say; but there, they have a-got such a lot o' ghastly old ways." And she consistently followed the advice she so readily gave to others. More than once some daring gallant had approached her, feeling his way to the tender subject. But it was very abruptly "nipped in the bud." One polite suitor who had come on such an errand timidly tried to break ice by offering her his arm on their way to chapel. It was pushed away instantly with a sharp reproof. "For shame—for shame; go getting all the boys a-laughin' 'pon a Sunday." Another gentleman, very fine but somewhat elderly, got himself up in such a way as he thought likely to impress the sturdy maiden, and waited upon

her in the most approved fashion, asking her to become his wife. She turned upon him. "Well, I never! You come to your time o' life, and to go thinkin' o' such old nonsense! Better you'd go home and prepare for another world."

The first Methodist of her family, Miss Jennie, had been persecuted as a girl with that incessant and petty snubbing which is more wearing than harsher treatment. Of a higher social position than the rest of the little flock, it was not only the enthusiasm about religion that appeared so dreadful—blasphemous the clergyman called it. Very much worse was the intimacy with labourers and fishermen and miners. People can do with heresy if it is only rich and respectably connected. If early Methodism could only have caught a real Lord Bishop to ordain its preachers, it would have lost one-half of its horrors—would have lost, moreover, rather above nine-tenths of its power; wherefore let all the churches be thankful.

II.—In which we get nearer to the Story.

I had come down to St. Ivart's making inquiries about old Dick Curnow. Everybody gave me the same advice. "Iss—the ould uncle Dick Curnow, I can mind 'en, to be sure—o' course everybody knowed the ould uncle Dick. But there, if you do want to know anything about 'en your awnself you must ax Miss Jinnie.

At last I stood at the little green door and knocked, curious to make the acquaintance of one whom I seemed already to know so well.

"Come in," said a voice on the other side. And there I found Miss Jennie, stirring some medicinal decoction; her face made redder than usual by the heat of the fire. The little table was covered with leaves and roots; whilst the room itself, a sort of upper kitchen or lower parlour, was filled with the smell of the boiling stuff, more potent than savoury.

Miss Jennie lifted her face out of the saucepan, holding the handle in one hand, whilst the other grasped the spoon with which she went on stirring as she spoke. "Good morning, sir," she said suspiciously, her face looking a hundred notes of interrogation—Who was I? Where did I come from? What was my business?

The moment I mentioned the name of Dick Curnow the face altogether changed. "Dear ould uncle Dick," said she, at once speaking broad Cornish, and using the familiar "uncle," which is often applied to old men in those parts. She lifted the saucepan off the fire, held out her hand cordially, and offered me a chair, whilst she sat down on the opposite side of the fire for a chat.

Yes, Miss Jennie knew the story very well. Had met for

years in Uncle Dick Curnow's class when she was a girl, and going to class meant something then, sure 'nough. Might be a good thing if it meant so much to-day, and folks would think more of it, might be. But then she wasn't one o' the croakers, and hoped when she couldn't find any more to praise the Lord for down here, she might go to heaven. These here old ravens that was a-croak, croak, all the year round, nothin' was right 'cept it was 'zactly as they wanted it. Whatever good they could be Miss Jennie couldn't tell, unless it was for to show what black, bilious, dismal creatures even sort o' religious folks might come to if they began a-grumblin' and growlin'. Iss—Uncle Dick had sat scores o' times by that very fire an' told about them old days.

Then Miss Jennie stopped abruptly. The homely Cornish brogue was suddenly changed, the old, suspicious manner returned again. "But pray, sir, what is your name?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon me rather fiercely.

"Pardon me," said I, as pleasantly as I could, "What can that have to do with your story?"

"Umph," said Miss Jennie, putting her lips together very tightly, and nodding her head sideways for a minute or two. Then looking up again, half amused and half sternly, "I think I know, sir."

I laughed in reply. "Then I need not tell you, Miss Jennie."

"Yes," she said, nodding her head again at the saucepan, "I know. And you mean to put him in a book. And—" The sentence ended in a long series of nods.

"Well," I asked, quietly."

Then the little sharp eyes were turned upon me fiercely again as if they read me all through. "*And you are going to put me in a book, too.*"

"And why not?" I asked, trying to look indifferent to the searching fire of those sharp eyes, and fearing that I should lose my story of Dick after all, unless I came to terms.

"Because, sir, I don't like it," said Miss Jennie. "Books only give the peculiarities of people, and exaggerate them, too."

"Yes, and downright hard-headed, hard-working common-sensed goodness that can do something more than sing about heaven or cry over it is a peculiarity worth telling about, isn't it?"

Then the Cornish came back again, and all the homeliness—"Well, well, I was goin' for to make 'ee promise that you wouldn't. But there—I b'lieve you must please yourself. And to think that I should have found 'ee out like that, too."

"But about Uncle Dick Curnow," said I.

And so doubtless saith my impatient reader.

III.—In which we get to Uncle Dick Curnow at last.

"He was eighty-two sir, when he died, was the ould Uncle Dick; and that is a goodish many years ago now. A good height and tremendously strong in his young days. If you had seen the dear old man sitting down here all so quiet and good, you never would have thought what a wild one he was once."

But I must leave Miss Jennie's narrative, using it only with the rest of the information I had gathered. Good old Dick had been in his early life certainly the very leader in the fierce sports of those times. And no Irishman at a fair finds more delight in a scrimmage than did the Cornishmen of a hundred years ago. It was not enough for the champion of one parish to challenge the best man of some other place; the favourite method was for all the able-bodied men of the parish to gather "one and all," armed with stout sticks, and to go forth against the men of another parish whom they had challenged to such a battle. Broken heads and limbs were the necessary result of such contests in scores of instances, and not unfrequently loss of life. Now, Dick Curnow's glory was to challenge any three men to fight with clubs. In wrestling, and hurling, and fighting, and smuggling he was always the leader; the strongest and most daring of those parts.

He was still a young man when the arrow of the truth first struck him; it stuck in his heart and he could never get it out again. It was Mr. Wesley's own hand that drew the bow at a venture—the text did not seem a likely shaft to smite such an one as this Dick Curnow. The sermon was preached to a vast crowd of people on "the Downs;" the text was this: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Dick had listened, deeply wrought upon. There came over him a rush of bewildering thoughts; and more than thoughts—*convictions.* Hitherto, the strength that could knock any man down, that loved a fight and a fair wrestle, and the spirit that would not stand to be put upon by anybody, these were the grand things; this was all that was worth living for. But here, in an hour, all that was upset; and what he used to despise as good for women and children only, had become the really beautiful things that he—big Dick Curnow—was breaking his heart about. Yes—to be gentle, and humble, and loving was finer than anything else.

When the congregation had broken up Dick had gone away by himself to the seaside. He sat on a rock, high up the cliff, whilst the waves crept in and out hundreds of feet below him. The sun was setting. The breadth of golden glory that stretched away toward it over the waters changed to crimson. The

ruddy glow filled all the sky and coloured all the sea, and tinged all the cliffs, the grassy slopes, and the rocky places. But Dick sat still as one stunned—seeing nothing, and only wondering. What did it all mean, then? Must he turn round and be good? Must he go to chapel and sing hymns and pray? And if they put upon him, musn't he fight them for it. No; he was sure it could not mean that. And there, the preacher was a little man; they said he was afraid of nobody, but for all that he was not made like Dick Curnow. He was made to go about preaching, of course. And Dick Curnow, he was made strong and big to go about fighting, of course, and wrestling and smuggling. For somebody must fight and wrestle, he supposed, just like somebody must preach. But it did seem hard, too; and as the sunset fell upon that round, honest face, the red glow shone in the tears that trickled down his cheeks. It couldn't be helped now, but if he only had been a cripple, or weak, or anything but big Dick Curnow, he might have been good and meek.

On this part of Dick's story Miss Jennie had her comment. "He said that he used to go about wishing that he was a cripple or a little child, or a *woman*, anything that was *weak*. A *woman*, indeed! But there, the men al'ays is so ignorant. I s'pose they can't help it, poor dears."

So young Dick lived on as before, thinking that there was nothing else for him. But, in the quiet night, or, in the midst of the deep stillness under ground, the words came back to him —*Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth!* And again there rose before him that true and beautiful life—to be quiet; to love, to forgive. Yes, that was the real life, and Dick shook his head sadly. It was all too late now. He was big and strong Dick Curnow. Ah, if he had always been a little child, he perhaps might have been good then! In the winter evenings he would creep up to the chapel listening at the window intently. He looked in upon the little company with a kind of awe. How he wished that he were weak and feeble and old, like Jan Treloar, the leader of the society. Then, sad at heart, he came home, and was off with a set of smugglers.

One night as Dick listened at the window under cover of the darkness, the preacher had chosen for his subject the conversion of St. Paul. There was a somewhat vivid description of the persecution of the early Christians; of the death of Stephen and of St. Paul's part in it. Dick drew nearer and nearer to the little window, until his face pressed close against it. "Here was a fightin' man; big an' strong o' course," Dick thought to himself. Then the preacher went on to tell of the light, and of the voice from heaven, and of the mighty change that was wrought in the man.

To Dick it was no bit of dead history; but a page of to-day,

real and present. Suddenly the little company inside was startled by a voice, "Please, sir, do he live anywhere hereabout, do he?" Instantly everybody looked round at the window, whilst Dick suddenly remembered where he was, and slunk off, whispering, "If he's livin' within fifty mile o' this parish I'll find 'en out an' see if 'tis true."

The next day Jan Treloar was at work in his little tailor's shop when Dick appeared in the doorway. The young giant looked up with such a pleading face and such an earnest voice that anybody might have read all the secret of his trouble in a moment. But old Jan never expected to see any signs of grace in this young leader of mischief. He sat up half a dozen stairs perched on his crossed-legs in a sort of window-ledge, stitching away solemnly at some garment, meditating on the dust which it must enclose, and finding in it sad emblems of our frail humanity.

"Please, Mest' Treloar, where do that fightin' chap live to, what they was a-tellin' about up to chapel last night?"

Grave old Jan Treloar started very much as if one of his own needles had pricked him smartly. He stroked the pious fringe of hair that he wore down over his forehead and groaned.

"A fightin' man, an' up to chapel! La, Dick Curnow, whatever are 'e a-tellin' about them?"

"Why last night, up to chapel, Mest' Treloar; an' her so good as killed one of 'em, too. I should dearly like for to see the man an' hear oal about it from his awn lips, for to make sure that tes true. Livin' anywhere here abouts, is he, Mest' Treloar?"

"What!" gasped Jan Treloar, "he do mean St. Paul! To think of it!" And the old man held up his hands, horrified as much at the thought of the apostle being alive now as at his being spoken of as "a fightin' chap." He groaned again over such shocking depravity. "La, Dick Curnow! Wherever do you expect for to go to?" And Jan Treloar stitched away at his work, shaking his head very solemnly and muttering to himself.

Poor Dick came away from the place more discouraged than ever. "Aw dear," he sighed, "I s'pose I'm worst of all the fightin' chaps, an' that tes no good for me to try to be good. And yet if the Lord spoke to one of 'em and made 'em all so good, why shouldn't He speak to me. Perhaps He will some day. I do wish He would."

IV.—In which Dick Curnow has his Last Turn at Smuggling.

As the weeks of that winter passed away Dick's companions noticed a strangeness in him. The old sprightliness of manner was gone. He who used to be so quick to pick a quarrel was now very slow to avenge himself. And though he had not lost his skill in a turn at the old combats, yet there was a carelessness in following up his advantage which was quite unlike the Dick of former time. At the public-house, too, when the smuggled brandy passed amongst his many comrades, Dick's place was generally empty. They often talked of the change, wondering what could have brought it about. "Love," said a sly old sailor, winking his eye, "the very fellow to set the girls' hearts a flutterin' is young Dick;" and the old man dipped his red nose into the big tumbler, took a long pull, and winked again. "Nonsense," laughed another, "he'd want all the more o' this here for to keep his courage up if that was it." "Some little concern of his own what he isn't going partners in—just like un"—growled an ill-looking fellow who owed Dick a grudge. "No," said another, putting down the empty glass that he had drained. "Dick Curnow have been a different man ever since the Methody parson preached 'pon the Down, an' that's what 'tis." "Ef that es it, I tell 'ee, comrades, he wont get over it—they never do," said an old man in the corner who was solemnly puffing at his pipe.

But as for young Dick himself, he went on quite unconscious of any change. To him the possibility of such a thing would have been a great joy. No, he could only think of himself still as big, strong Dick Curnow; he could never be good and gentle and loving, like the blessed were.

But there was one thing that Dick Curnow never thought of altering—did not wish to alter in. If he were ever so meek and gentle and loving, he need not give this up. It was *smuggling*. Men who "met in class" took their part and place in the venture. Old Jan Treloar could have stroked that pious fringe of hair and steered a boat upon this errand at the same time; or he could have left his board to lend a hand at storing the goods and come back again without feeling condemned. The natural love of adventure might have been questionable, and the money-getting might have been condemned as encouraging covetousness; but with every Cornishman it was a bounden duty to protest thus against any interference with their sea rights, and the liberties of their creeks and harbours. Probably no requirement of Methodism was regarded as so harsh and unreasonable as Mr. Wesley's rule on this matter. A conscience had to be created in relation to it; and the most stubborn prejudices had to be overcome.

But with this winter came at once Dick Curnow's last venture and the beginning of his new life. The ship was expected at a little well-known and well-hidden creek to the north of St. Ivart's. It was a bigger venture than usual, and for some days the men of the place had been anxiously on the look-out. At last a fishing-boat brought tidings that she was hanging off the coast. The coastguard had been decoyed to a distant part of their district by means of rumours and by appearances that looked suspicious. The signal was given, and soon the little ship cast anchor in the creek. All the place turned out to help. Swung on the backs of the donkeys that passed in long strings, or borne on the broad shoulders of the men, the kegs were carried away and stored in well-known holes and excavations, under gardens and cellars, or behind crafty wainscots, or up in unsuspected attics. Before the short December day was done the little ship was nearly cleared. What was left Dick Curnow could stow in his boat, as he would have to pull round to St. Ivart's. And leaping on board Dick made his boat fast to the stern, the anchor was heaved, and the ship drifted out with a gentle wind. The sun had set, and the misty gloom of the evening was thickening; when Dick stood up in the well-filled boat, flung off the ropes, and struck out for the pier. Then suddenly out of the misty gloom swept the long boat of the coastguard close upon him. One man against eight armed men, and he, too, with his boat so heavily laden, there was no chance of escape. The officer sprang up in a moment, and called on him in the King's name to surrender.

"Iss—when you can catch me," cried Dick, defiantly. The discharge of some firearm whistled uncomfortably near as the only reply to his impertinence, and the water flew from the eight oars that now gave chase. Dick headed for the land, a point that stretched between St. Ivart's and the little creek. Kicking the kegs overboard, and pulling with all his might, he drove the heavy boat well on until he could hear the waves breaking on the rocks not far away. But the pursuers crept nearer and nearer. The cliffs boomed out of the mist now; two minutes more and he would have his boat where they dared not follow him. But the pursuers were upon him, and thrusting out a boat-hook, one seized the boat, and Dick was helpless.

The officer put his pistol down. "We have got you at last," he cried, in a rage, mad at the trick that had been played upon him. But before a hand could be laid upon the boat, Dick shouted "Come on," and the next instant dived overboard. He rose far off in the gloom to hear their furious threats, and knew that they were coming after him as near to the shore as they dared to venture. He struck out for a cave that opened close by, and, thinking it a good place for shelter, swam in, and, soon stepped up on its hard sandy floor. Drenched and shivering

with the cold, he sat down, slapping his hands against his sides. Then wet, numbed, and almost stupefied, he crept about in the dark place, and looked out at the mouth of it, wondering if he could swim away and get to some other place. Were they waiting for him still? Suddenly the little remaining light of the cave was darkened with a deafening boom, and a dreadful rush of wind. Then Dick sprang up.

"I'm caught," he cried. He knew, as everybody along that coast knows full well, what that booming meant. The cave, high-roofed and deep within, was at the mouth narrow and low. The tide had risen, until now each wave swept over the mouth, driving in the air that flew back again with the boom of a cannon as the wave began to recede. Soon the cave itself would be filled with water. Dick began to grope his way upward and backward nearly as far as he could reach. Should he swim for it in the dark, diving past the mouth. No; those breakers that thundered so terribly there cut off all hope that way. What could he do? A little while and the waves would cover the spot on which he stood. He crept back until he stood on a little pebble ridge that came close up against the roof of the cave.

Again Dick sat down. All his strength and courage were nothing now—and never would be any more. He was just a little child—weak and helpless. Might he not kneel down to pray? Get right down on the ground, like the other fightin' man did? He would. He had heard tell of another world; perhaps the Lord would let him be a little child there, instead of being big, strong Dick Curnow. And then, perhaps, he might come to be amongst the blessed. So Dick lay down and prayed his first prayer: "Lord, I'm Dick Curnow. Please, Lord, I couldn't help being big and strong, an' I'm sorry for it, please, Lord. But please, I do want for to be meek an' gentle an' lovin'. I did mean to be when I got old and feeble. But I shan't ever be that now. Please, Lord, bless me, for all I was so strong an' big—for I can't do nothin' now. Please, Lord, an' I'm just the same as a little child. Amen."

Dick had scarcely finished his prayer, and had not stirred from the place, when instantly there flew over him a shower of sand and gravel. He was rolled over by something that rushed against him, and that immediately after splashed into the water.

"Tes the devil!" cried Dick, picking himself up very slowly and brushing the sand out of his eyes—not so much frightened as bewildered. What a dreadful man he must be! That instead of hearing a voice like the other fighting man did, he should have been knocked down in this fashion. But as he turned round Dick saw that where the creature had rushed from there was a little glimmer of light, white, clear and silvery. Dick, in

his simplicity, thought this was heaven. The good Lord had answered his prayer after all; or perhaps it was that shining of the Lord that came to the other fightin' man. That would be the best of all. Creeping up to the hole, Dick saw on the other side of it there was another opening filled with this shining light. He began to dig at it as well as he could until the passage was large enough for him to get through. Here was an old mine-working that he knew, down which the full moon was shining brilliantly. It was not the Lord after all, then! and Dick was big and strong once more. Climbing up by the rough stones and the earth where the old workings had fallen in, he soon stepped out upon the top of the cliff, and went home. Sadder than ever he sat that night, cold and shivering before the fire, at his mother's house. There—he had hoped that he was going to be a little child. But there was no chance for him. He must be worse than anybody else, he supposed. What a dreadful thing it was to be so big and strong.

Here, too, there comes in another comment of Miss Jennie's, "The doctor always laughed at the ould Uncle Dick's devil. He said that o' course 'tweren't nothing but a seal. May be the doctor is right, for all that Uncle Dick would stick to it that *he* must know best, 'cause he was there. But seemin' to me that folks now-a-days would sooner for to believe it was a lion or a unicorn, so long as they could get the rids of the devil. Not that I should mind *that*—not a bit. But they'm fools to believe that anybody can get the rids o' the devil by tryin' for to believe that he's dead."

V.—In which Big Dick Curnow becomes a Little Child.

The adventure did not end by any means with Dick's escape from the coastguard. The cold and wet of that winter's day were too much even for this young giant. On came rheumatic fever, with all its helplessness. His strength was gone, and he lay in bed suffering dreadful pain, and unable to move hand or foot.

The bustling mother, herself a very strong, big woman, tended him with a rough kindness that did everything for him; speaking to him, as she always did, as *the chield*. Dick was her only son, and the pride and joy of the mother's life was in his strength and courage. When he came home from some encounter, bruised and cut, but yet victorious, nobody welcomed him with such triumph as his mother. She rubbed her hands with delight, and, folding her big arms, she nodded her head approvingly, and claimed more than half of the victory. "Me an' the chield do know how to do it, an' no mistake."

Yet clean, honest, fierce in her likes as well as her dislikes, hard-working, there was not a young fellow in the parish who could sit down at a cozier fireside, or who lay under a snugger roof than did young Dick Curnow.

Now, as he lay quite unable to do anything for himself, his mother feeding him with the little that he could take, and holding the cup of water to his thirsty lips, Dick almost forgot his pain.

"Mother," he whispered tenderly, "just like a little child again, isn't it?"

"Little chield! why o' course—whatever else was 'ee then, I wonder?"

Poor Dick sighed. He had been great, big, strong Dick Curnow. But he *did* hope that he was quite different now. Then as the mother bustled about—for she was one of those women who have not a gift for sitting down and doing nothing—she heard her son feebly moaning and muttering something strange. At first she thought he was dreaming, or he might be wandering in his head. And if she had caught the words that Dick kept repeating, it certainly would have confirmed this last suspicion.

"Please, Lord, I aren't big Dick Curnow any more. Please, Lord, I'm just a little child. Please, Lord, do make me all gentle an' lovin' an' forgivin'. Amen."

But coming rather suddenly upon him once, in the middle of his prayer, his mother asked him, "Who are 'ee talkin' too, then, my dear?"

"I was talkin' to the Lord!" whispered Dick.

To the mother this was terrible. It was the surest token of death—certain death. To pray like that—a prayer that was not learnt or read out of a book, was what she had only known people driven to when there was nothing else to be done. Her voice choked with grief, and she rocked herself to and fro. "La, my dear chield you aren't goin' to die yet, you know. The doctor haven't a-given 'ee up yet. Don't 'ee go doin' such dreadful things."

Thinking that it might be well, however, to be prepared for the worst, the mother proposed, as gently as she knew how, to send for the parson.

Dick startled her by suggesting that he would sooner see old Jan Treloar. At once the mother's roughness and fierceness came again.

"The old Jan Treloar! whatever do 'ee mean, chield?" and she rose up amazed and indignant. "What do the ould Jan Treloar knaw about heaven? he's cutting out breeches all his days, an' mendin' 'em. He don't belong for to knaw anythin' about religion; brought up to the tailorin' and not had no eddycatin' nor nothin'." Then her voice and manner grew more

kindly. "No chield, I can't abide these here new-fangled notions, a makin' folks so good all their lives, like as if it was fitty for folks to be religious afore their time! I can't think how folks can hould with such nonsense; I can't."

So the clergyman was sent for. A man with whom drunkards and thieves and outcasts were angels compared to the Methodists. But then remember, good reader, that I am speaking of a thing that happened a hundred years ago; and though my character is drawn from life, there were some very different men then, and happily there are very few, if any, such amongst the Episcopalian ministers of to-day.

The parson, who never hurried himself except in the hunting-field and in reading prayers, came on leisurely to the house. He sat down by the bedside, and opened his prayer-book at the form of prayer for the visitation of the sick. His voice dropped into a kind of sing-song, and he hastened over them, running the prayers the one into the other so quickly that it was almost impossible to understand a single sentence.

Then he shut the book, and bent over the sick man. "There now—you feel better, don't you? Just so—just so. Of course you do. Keep up, you know, keep up. Take a little brandy sometimes. Mrs. Curnow gave him a little of the best French sometimes. Nobody can do anything more for you; nobody. Good-morning."

But Dick went on moaning and muttering his prayer, as if the parson's charm had somehow lost its magic, and had by no means done him any good.

"Don't 'ee go on like that, chield—'tis dreadful wished for to hear 'ee."

"Mother," pleaded Dick, "the ould Jan Treloar could read the Bible to me, couldn't he, and not do no harm by it?"

"Read the Bible, do he?" cried Mrs. Curnow, thoroughly aroused again. "Then Jan Treloar ought to be ashamed of hisself, an' I do hope that Jan Treloar will get what he do desarve—that's all."

So two or three days went by, Dick still turning his helplessness and pain into a prayer—a most plaintive entreaty. "Please, Lord, I am so weak an' feeble as a little child. And please, Lord, I thank Thee for it. And now, please, Lord, I will try for to be gentle and lovin' and forgivin', like the blessed. Amen."

With Mrs. Curnow there was a long and fierce conflict between her dislike of the Methodists and her love to her son. At last there came a happy way out of the difficulty. A compromise was possible, for Jan Treloar had passed the house with a stranger who, the neighbours said, was "a regular preacher." Here, then, was one who only wore those garments the making of which so disqualified old Jan Treloar as a teacher of religion.

Before the day was done Dick opened his eyes to find, standing at his bedside, the very man who had preached on that memorable night about the conversion of St. Paul. Now he could ask all about it—where he lived, and whether Dick could find him. It was a little bit of grief to learn that the fighting-man was dead, and that it was all so long ago, too. But it was good to know that the mighty Lord who made St. Paul what he was could do a like mighty work for every one of us.

"But why doesn't He come to me with a great shinin' light and a voice speakin'?" asked Dick, sadly. "I have begged and prayed Him to; and I thought He was goin' to once; but He didn't.

"The Lord has got many ways of coming to people," the preacher explained; "and many ways of speaking to them. Sometimes He sends sickness like this."

"Does He?" cried Dick eagerly, and his face lit up with gladness. "Is this one way that He comes?"

"Yes, this is one way," and the preacher went on to tell Dick of the way of salvation. Then he kneeled in prayer.

As he rose to leave, Dick whispered, "Please will you read that in the Bible about bein' gentle, an' forgivin', an' lovin' an' comin' to be among the blessed?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the preacher, kindly.

"About 'blessed are the meek,' you know," Dick explained.

"Oh, yes, you mean the Sermon on the Mount;" and, sitting down, the preacher opened the Book at the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

"'Twas up on the Downs," Dick explained, thinking only of Mr. Wesley's sermon.

But the visitor had begun to read, and did not hear the correction. He read on until he came to the fifth verse. *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.*

Then the tears filled Dick's eyes and flowed down his cheeks. "Do you think that ever I could come for to be one of them, please, sir?"

"Why, bless, you, of course you may," said the preacher, as his heart warmed towards the simple and earnest inquirer.

"Well, you see, sir, I used to be so big an' strong—I couldn't help it, you know, sir, an' I didn't want to be, neither, for I knowed that there wasn't a chance for me then. An' now I'm quite frightened to think about it. Whatever shall I do when I'm strong and big Dick Curnow, again; for I don't expect I can always be weak and bad?"

The preacher smiled at Dick's simplicity. "It is not *our* strength or *our* weakness. To be strong is one of God's good gifts for which be thankful.

Dick shook his head sadly. Jan Treloar was old and feeble; and Mr. Wesley was little, and the preacher looked thin and

pale. All the good people he knew weren't big and strong like he used to be, and like he feared he should be again.

Day after day by further talk and reading and prayer the preacher led Dick on step by step, until he came to see some things clearly enough to be comforted and hopeful. It was the Lord who must do it all. The preacher was right. Dick's own strength or weakness had nothing to do with it. And Dick rejoiced to think that this pain and helplessness was one way of the Lord's coming. "The Lord have knocked me down, and He can keep me down," he repeated to himself. "The Lord have took away all my strength; perhaps if I do keep askin' Him He'll keep me weak and feeble still, so that I shall never be big, strong Dick Curnow any more."

Thus, little by little Dick came nearer the truth, until upon St. Ivart's, as upon all the world, there dawned another Christmas-day. The bells rang out all merrily upon the still and frosty air. Dick lay thinking of Him who was born a little child in Bethlehem, longing that he had been there amongst the shepherds or with the wise men who came to worship Him. Would not Jesus come again and be the Holy child within his heart, and dwell there! Then all should be kind and gentle and loving, and Dick would indeed be among the blessed. Then suddenly the light flashed upon him. Not about him, but *within* him shone the glory of the Lord. Christ was come; and all within Dick's soul rang with the joy. As surely as in the manger of old, there came and dwelt within his heart, from that day forward, "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And Dick grew big and strong again. But evermore there lived and ruled within him that Holy Child of Bethlehem, who made all kind and gentle and loving like Himself. And so Dick came to be amongst the blessed.

Be yours and mine, good reader, a like right happy Christmas.—*The Methodist Recorder.*

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.
To save us all from Evil's power
When we had gone astray.
Glad tidings, glad tidings!
For all that are astray,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace;
The holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.
Glad tidings, glad tidings!
For all that are astray;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.*

DAVID had not forgotten Janet's request that he would come and "hae a crack" with her grandfather; so one day he found his way to the Buckie Hoose, and there espied John sitting at the door baiting his lines with shell-fish.

"Come awa, Dauvit," he said, looking up with a nod, "mak' yoursel' at hame, as the whale said to the herrin' he was jist swallowin'. Sit doon, lad."

"I'm glad that you don't make me a stranger," said David, smiling.

"Weel, for the maiter o' that, ye *are* a stranger; you're as sweir to come oot o' your buckie-shell as the verra mussels here—ye *are* a stranger."

David sat down on the stones beside the old man, and began to admire the colour of the shell-fish.

"To hear ye speak, Dauvit," said John with a contemptuous sniff, "ane would think the bait was made o' gold. I was hearin' that there's no your marrow for cleverness in a' Abbotshyne, but gin ye tak' to makin' a wonder o' a wheen mussels for baitin' the lines wi', I'll be forced to misdoubt the public report, lad."

"There are folk have sore hearts, John, on account of somebody not very far away," said David, clumsily trying to "improve the occasion."

"Meaning *me*," said John with a nod, not at all offended; "'deed, Dauvid, I whiles fear that mysel', but it mak's my hert sae sair that I maun aye tak' a wee thocht o' John Barleycorn to cheer me up again."

"A sore heart will grow sorer on such medicine, John," said David, sadly.

"Weel, I maun just increase the dose—as the doctor says," returned John, with a laugh. "A sair hert I winna thole: I'll droon it in whisky, man! Its ower late noo for me to turn back."

"But John," said David, greatly shocked, "think of your daughter and—and Janet. Will you not give up the drink for their sakes?"

"Let be, lad; let be!" cried John. "The sooner I drink mysel' to death the better it will be for them. Puir Maggie—puir lass, I'm wae to think she has such a father."

"Then stop the whisky, John!" cried David, perplexed at the old man's mood.

*This sketch is abridged from the "*Lost Tide*," by JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) Old John Anderson, a Scotch fisherman, had fallen into drinking habits and was "saved as by fire" by the sad experience here described.

"Dauvit, as sure as death I *canna*. I can *not* help mysel' noo. Tak' ye a warning by me, lad, and never taste such deil's ain brew. Eh, I took a drappie here an' a drappie there, an' aye I said to mysel'—'John, ye maun mind to stop before ye gang ower far.' But the day cam' when I couldna turn back. I broke the brig o' guid intentions wi' my ain ill habits, Dauvit, an' noo there's nothing for it but to loup ower the deil's linn as soon as I can."

David shuddered. "I cannot believe that you cannot give up drinking," he said. "Think of your immortal soul, John, if you have no compassion for your body."

"My soul—gin I hae one—will be weel quit o' such a puir, shaucklin, misguided body."

"The first thing that you have got to do, John," said David with decision, "is to stop that drinking. You cannot even *think* straight! For God's sake give up the drink!"

"Ye're a guid lad, Dauvit, to speak so plain and kind to an auld man—an auld man like me, Lord help me! Ye'll be an auld man yoursel' some day—wae's me that folk should ever grow auld and dune; but keep ye your hert aye young and caller, Dauvit; dinna let it get wizened wi' drink as I hae done; for there's no returning for men as auld as me, Dauvit."

"Oh, hush!" cried David. "Nothing is impossible with God's help—ask that. Don't shake your head, John. I implore you to give yourself a fair chance!" The tears were in David's eyes with his vehement pleading; but John only shook his head sadly, as he rose in silence, and passing into his own house shut the door, leaving David to walk slowly away.

Late that night, while David sat reading in his little chamber in the roof, he heard a sudden clamour of knocking at the outer door. He sped hastily downstairs with a lighted candle in his hand, and opening the door saw Janet standing in the soft summer darkness, her face blanched and drawn with keen distress.

"Oh, Dauvit! Oh, Dauvit!" was all she could utter when she saw him.

"What is it, Janet? What's wrong?" cried David, his mind suddenly filled with pictures of all possible evils. "What is it? Come in."

"Mrs. Cunningham! I want her—quick!" cried Janet, panting.

Mrs. Cunningham had heard the excited voices, and she was already at the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Cunningham, come to my mither, quick—she's deein'!" cried Janet, bursting into tears.

"I'll do that, dawtie; I'll gang this minute—wait for me!" But Janet had already fled back, sobbing through the silent darkness and followed hastily by Mrs. Cunningham.

David hastened to John Anderson's house, the candle-lit windows of which shone through the night like two fiery eyes glaring out to the sea, moaning unseen beside the sleeping fisher-town.

Mrs. Cunningham heard his footsteps as he hesitated uncertain whether he might enter, as she opened the door for him.

"She's dead, puir thing," she whispered. "I'm glad ye hae come, for auld John's going on most awfu'—I canna tell whether he's daft or drunk."

He entered the little kitchen and found John striding across the floor in a state of great excitement. Janet was sitting sobbing by the dying fire, with her face hidden in her apron. The old man paused in his fierce walk when he saw David.

"Dauvit, Dauvit!" he cried, "I've killed my puir Maggie." David's heart stood still. He thought for one terrible instant that the words were literally true.

Oh, if she had but had the sense to hold her tongue when the drink was in me! I dinna ken richt yet hoo it happened."

"John, did you actually take drink so soon after what passed between us?" cried David, astonished and indignant.

"A' the mair, lad—a' the mair on that account! I couldna stand the thochts ye put intil my heid, an' sae I gaed oot an' filled mysel' fu'—oh, sirs, sirs! an' Janet was oot when I cam' hame"—here Janet burst into loud wailing—"or maybe it wadna hae happened," continued her grandfather, "and her mither was sitting at the fireside, cooryin' ower the blaze, puir lass, though it was a braw simmer's nicht, and when she saw me going to the aumrie for some mair bawbees, she turned her roond and said so waefu'—'Father, father; it's ill-gotten siller, an's it's going a worse road!'—and I turned on her and up wi' my hand, and she just ga'e a skirl and ran to the door, and —it maun be true, but I canna believe it!—I ran after her, mad wi' the drink, and slammed the door on her—on my ain Maggie and syne gaed to my bed and fell soond asleep. When Janet cam' hame I was sleepin', and I swear to ye that when I waukened and cam' to mysel', I kent nothing aboot it till Janet telt me. But noo—noo, I'll never forget it again; it'll be before my een forever!"

"Neither Mrs. Cunningham nor David spoke as the old man moved abruptly away from them, and began to pace the floor once more.

The oppressive silence was broken by Janet upbraiding herself bitterly for her absence that night.

"Whist, lassie," said Mrs. Cunningham, kindly; "ye couldna foretell what would happen, and ye bode to get the errands in the toon—ye were but doing your duty, Janet; dinna grieve."

David gathered by degrees that Janet had come to the door and stumbled over her mother who lay senseless there, had got

her into the house, and after laying her upon her bed had run for Mrs. Cunningham.

Meanwhile John had awakened out of his drunk sleep, and Janet once accused him of shutting her mother out. "And it will be a wonder," she had cried bitterly, "if ye hinna killed her a'thegither, for the doctor said that ony shock would kill her—her hert was so weak."

"Kill her, my ain Maggie! O, God forbid!" John had exclaimed in terror, rushing into his daughter's room just in time to see her breathe her last.

"And she smiled on me, Dauvit!" cried the old man, with tears. "She smiled on *me*—her auld father wha was the cause o' her death. Puir lass, she's awa noo, an' she's kent neither happy youth nor decent eld through no fault o' her ain. Oh, what a weary warld folk mak' it!"

"John," said Mrs. Cunningham, "I look upon it as my bounden duty to speak a word in season to ye this nicht, and I bid ye tak' what has happened as a warning that the hand o' God is upon ye to guide ye back to Himsel'."

"Na, na, guidwife," said John, solemnly, "this is no wark o' God's, but jist a real ill-conditioned trick o' auld Sautan's on ane wha has served him ower weel."

"It's the hand o' God, John, to turn ye from the drink. I doubt not that puir Maggie would have been glad to dee gin *that* could save ye—she was so fond o' ye, John. For her sake, and ower her body that's noo at rest, will ye no promise, wi' God's help, to gie up the drink?"

"Woman, ye dinna ken what ye are speirin'! Hoo am I to live wi' her death upon my hert, and nothing to keep awa' the waefu' thochts?"

"Leave that to God, John—He winna leave your soul in hell either in this warl' or the next, if ye'll lippen to Him. Promise, John."

"Weel, since there's no other way oot o't, I'll just try *His*—Dauvit, will ye help me in this?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"And if I should be wantin' the drink, ye'll keep me from it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Though I should swear ower ye, and misca' ye, and lift my verra hands to ye because ye winna gie me the drink, will ye still hold by me?"

"Yes, John, yes!"

"Weel, I promise to do my pairt, if God and you will do yours; amen! Noo, Dauvit ye ken what to do. For the Lord's sake, *dinna* gie me drink when I speir for't."

"For His sake, I will not," said David, solemnly.

David was much with John Anderson during the sad weeks following his daughter's death.

The strong and self-reliant old man was greatly changed, and he depended much upon David for comfort and encouragement in the upward path he had now resolved to tread; he leaned upon the young man with a pathetic desire for purely human help, now that his own strength was no longer sufficient for him.

And his outward appearance bore signs of the scathing, though cleansing, fires of sorrow through which he had passed: the ruddy glow of his face had grown duller in the conflict, his iron-gray hair was now softly white, and his eyes had lost much of their former keen and frosty light.

But now there lay a certain vigilant patience in their depths, like a good angel watching to thwart a lurking evil that might spring at any moment; and, indeed, as we know, there *was* an enemy lying in ambush for old John—a fierce demon of temptation waiting to spring upon him and wrestle with his soul for the victory.

And Janet was even more to be pitied, for her mother had been her chiefest care since ever she could remember. The natural relations between mother and child had been in their case reversed, for it was Janet—strong, cheery Janet—who had been the protector of her frail and sad-hearted mother, who had thus learned to cling lovingly fast to her daughter's tender strength.

And now Janet was left alone! It was as if an oak suddenly bereft of its clinging ivy had found itself standing bare and shivering at the mercy of the winter wind. Who could have divined that the fragile mother would, in the act of clinging, have so steadily absorbed the strength—the very sap of her daughter's strong heart!

Her grandfather certainly needed her more than ever, and she shook off her listlessness and strove to perform her duties to him faithfully, but these could not fill the void in her heart. Being a girl and lonely in her independent youth, she yearned for that mother whose heart had been the shrine of all her loving devotion.

It was no wonder, therefore, that she drooped in the warm summer weather and no longer felt the old impulse to walk among the rocks or over the green bents now flushed with the hardy blossoms of the sea-pinks. She moped in the quiet house alone within a dim green twilight made by her mother's geraniums, flourishing luxuriously in the sunny window. How sad it is to see a strong young soul thus shorn of its elasticity! This was Janet's fate!

John Anderson suffered a sore temptation while nursing a sick neighbour. He came to take his share in the night-watching one evening when the sick man was evidently approaching death—life in fact was only kept flickering in the worn-out frame by the use of stimulants at stated periods. John had

been out on the Firth during the early morning, and afterwards he had taken his catch of fish to Kirkton; and now as the quiet hours went slowly by while he sat by the smouldering fire he had much difficulty in keeping himself awake.

Twice he had given his old friend the stimulant according to direction, and now he sat trying to keep himself from dozing by fixing his blinking eyes upon the tiny lamp that swung to and fro from a hook above the curtainless window—slightly opened to admit the air and the sound of the sea which old Saunders, the dying man, had loved to hear.

But the soft, monotonous plash of the tide and the waving light were strongly conducive to slumber, and John nodded in a more and more jerky manner until finally he fell into an uneasy sleep, from which he was suddenly awakened by Saunders, who was babbling unconsciously of his boyhood's days.

He started softly to his feet and looking at his watch perceived that it was again fully time to give Saunders the needed stimulant. This he did; but in the act of replacing the glass upon the table there came to him an almost irresistible desire to put it to his own lips.

He had as yet faithfully kept his pledge, and in spite of some passing hankerings he had not found much difficulty in doing so; but to-night, in the solemn stillness of the room and with the quavering voice of his dying friend vexing the silence, his nerves did not seem so strong nor his wits so clear as usual.

"Gin I took a bit tastin' it would keep me from sleepin' and naebody would ken," he said to himself, replenishing the glass from the bottle as he spoke. "Losh! the verra smell o't puts life into me again—I'll tak' it this ance—jist this ance, for it shall never be said o' Auld John that the maut was aye aboon the meal wi' him." He paused, glancing round half-fearfully, as the voice of Saunders reached him from the bed. . . . "'The day o' the Lord shall come like a thief i' the nicht,' but no thief shall it be to me for I'm ready, I'm waitin'. . . . The tide's comin' in fast, and I'm ready, Lord, I'm ready. I never lost the tide yet, an' I'll no' be ahint noo. . . . Ay it's dark, but it's no' nicht to me, for I see the lichts o' heaven glintin' ayont the bar! . . . Wha would sleep when the waves are singin' and the verra mirk is lowing like the day? . . . 'They that sleep, sleep i' the nicht, and they that are drunken, are drunken i' the nicht'—'let us not sleep as do ithers, but let us watch an' be sober.'"

John put down the untasted glass of whisky upon the table with such sudden force as to spill a portion. "Lord save us!" he whispered. "The auld man speaks like a verra conscience to me! An' here was I, stannin' argle-barglin' wi' a glass o' whusky without so much as speirin' the Lord's wull i' the matter! Eh me, I'll never be better until I mend, an' that's the truth. Wha would hae thocht that auld Satan would daur

shove his reekit neb in here—ugh! I can almaist hear it fizzin' in the whusky—the verra air is drumlie wi' brimstane smeek! . . . But wi' the Lord's help, wha has warned me again by the mooth o' His deeing servant, the Evil Ane shall no' prevail!" said John, resolutely turning his back upon the dangerous temptation, and drawing near to the old man's bedside. He bent down hastily, and saw there sufficient to make him leave the room and call Mrs. Cunningham and David.

They came, just in time to see the dawning consciousness of this world merge into the rapturous vision of the dying saint. He stretched out his hand to David with a smile. "Davie, the tide is in, an' it's bearin' me hame. I see the lichts o' heaven ayont the bar to guide me. Fareweell, guid-wife! Ye'll no' be lang o' comin'? . . . an' Davie, dinna ye lose the tide. . . . No' the tide—o' death; but the ither—tide!"

THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST.*

BY SENATOR MACDONALD.

WHY flies the flag at half-mast
Which was masthead yesterday?
Has one of the mighty fallen,
Some great one passed away?

Has the rider on the pale horse,
The rider with icy wand,
Touched beating heart and stilled it,
Of some leader in the land?

The flag which flies at half-mast,
As it flutters high in air,
But reads to man this lesson,
That is taught him everywhere—

That man being here abideth not,
Is cut down as a flower,
Is like the grass which "cometh forth,"
Which withers in an hour.

And so the flag at half-mast,
Which was yesterday masthead,
Tells in its mournful floating
Of a gifted statesman dead,

And reads this solemn lesson,
Alike to grave and gay—
It may float for you to-morrow
As it floats for him to-day.

* These lines appeared in the *Evening Journal*, Ottawa, as the flags at half-mast, at the Capital, were displayed on the occasion of the death of the Honourable Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, during the sitting of Parliament of the present year.

CHRISMAS READINGS.

In the Manger.

In the manger lay the babe—crowing, laughing, crying, like all other babes since the day when Cain first looked up into the mother-eyes which looked love and life down into His. This was all the wondering shepherds saw. In Him was no birth-mark of divinity. There was nothing in Him to open to Him the doors of any hospitable home, or even to make the inn covetous of the honour of sheltering the unknown Prince of Israel. No radiant light enswathed Him; no halo crowned. The reverencing heart of the mother, angel-instructed, saw somewhat more; as, indeed, what true mother does not see in her first-born boy a wealth of life which no less hopeful eyes can see? But neither angel-message nor shepherd visit could have enabled her to see what lay in the manger, in that helpless babe, as the forest oak lies in the acorn, or as harvest of golden grain and all the life they feed and nourish are cast into the furrows by the unseeing husbandman.

For out of that manger what has grown?

The life of a divine manhood. From the baby lips the Sermon on the Mount, and the prayer in Gethsemane; from the wondering eyes the look that carried peace to the woman that was a sinner, and penitence and heart-break to the saint that had turned apostate; from the chubby hands the touch that multiplied the two loaves to food for five thousand, and that turned the putrid flesh of the loathsome leper into flesh as of a little child. For out of the manger came the cross, and all the pathway of beneficent service and joyous sacrifice between the manger and the cross, as out of the rich cradle of Lebanon the river of Jordan in all its romantic course to the entombment in the Sea of Death.

In the manger lay all that was to grow out of the manger: all churches and cathedrals; all monasteries and institutions of Christian learning; all prophets, apostles, and martyrs; all Christian service and all Christian song; all murmured prayers by mother and child in nursery devotion, and all missionary messages of hope and cheer to sorrowing souls in a prison-house from which till then there was no deliverer but death. If the mother could have seen, oh! if she could have seen! this is the vision that would have entranced her; the vision of a river of light flowing from that manger through the ages, grow-

ing ever deeper, broader, more luminous. Yea! in the light of those baby eyes she would have seen the glory of the world whose sun never sets, for there is no night there; and in the inarticulate play of those baby lips she would have heard the song of "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

Every cradle is a manger. In every child lies enwrapped a history awful or sublime. Every new birth is a new incarnation, of good or evil, God or devil. In every mountain rill there flows a river whose course no eye foresees or can foresee. Death is no such mystery as birth. What banners of liberty unseen were waved in the groping hands of the young prince who grew to be William the Silent! What echoes, never to die out while souls are manacled and need emancipation, began to waken when baby Luther first began to prattle!

To many a home since the last Christmas greens grew dry and were taken down, a little messenger has come bringing anew the story of the swaddling clothes and the manger. What lies in the cradle sleeping there? What life looks up out of the laughing eyes? What service waits in the tiny hands? what errands in the feeble feet? An immortal destiny begins in every cradle, whose issue, if we dwell upon it, appals the imagination. And still mothers are careless, and fathers are proud, and friends look on almost as stolid as the oxen on the manger-occupants near nineteen centuries ago. And birth counts for less than death, and the cradle as less awe-inspiring than the coffin; and the babe, not as the beginning of a new infinity, but only as the object of a careless, coquettish fondling.

Blessed is the mother who sees more truly what birth and maternity mean; who catches some glimpse of what the cradle contains as she rocks it; and who ponders these things in her heart.—*Christian Union.*

YULE-TIDE.

CHRIST was born on Christmas Day:
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay,
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
Of Mary.

The rays from the cradle of Bethlehem, streaming across eighteen centuries, still, at the holy Christmas time, illumine

every land where the name of the wondrous Child which lay in the lowly stable has penetrated.

From the earliest days of Christianity, almost while the footprints of its founder were fresh upon the shores of Galilee, the period of the nativity has been kept as a season of festivity, with ceremonies common in their purpose, but varying in their form, according to creeds and nationalities; all, however, having the same divine purpose of proclaiming the advent of "peace on earth and goodwill toward men."

Christmas feasts, Christmas greetings, the decoration with evergreens of churches and dwellings, Christmas trees, Christmas carols, and Christmas family greetings, are universal, and most of them have been for centuries. In the eternal Rome, the wild Calabrian ministrels salute the shrines of the Virgin Mother with their mountain music, and sing a carol of "Joseph" before every carpenter's shop. In France, the pious carols of Christmas are warbled to opera airs and song tunes, while lords of misrule and kings and queens of merry revels are chosen by means of a ring and a bean baked in a rich plum-cake. In Ireland and in Wales, quaint carols, "As I sat on a sunny bank," "The first good joy our Mary had," "Joseph was an old man, an old man was he," and the "Bringing in of the boar's head," are still sung by the simple-minded peasantry. In Scotland, carols are unknown, at least as national outpourings of a people's rejoicing; they were superseded at the bidding of surly John Knox, and in their place were adopted "Gude and godlie ballates changed out of prophaine songs, for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie."

But it is in old England that the music of the Christmas carol was, and is, universal among "all sorts and conditions of men." From the palace to the hut, from the peer to the peasant, from the Wash to the Mersey, from Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, carols are in all mouths at Christmas. One of the first books printed in England was "A Boke of Carolls," from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, and, at the present day, thousands of these rude rhymes, with ruder illustrations, are circulated among the common people.

The Christmas tree, with its tapers, its decorations, and its presents, is a modern innovation, in this country and in England; a seasonable present from the German Fatherland.

Christmas is a sacred time, a holy time, a time for opening the heart and the hand, a time for families to meet around the festive board, for kindly thoughts of those who are away,

for subdued sorrow for those who lie under the crisp, thin snow, who were, perhaps, but a year ago, guests at the well-filled board. No carol can arouse them, no "merry Christmas" wreathes their brow with smiles. In vain we decorate their portraits with the holly and the ivy; the calm faces look down upon the Christmas festival, but the eyes no longer brighten at the song, the lips no longer smile at the jest, nor will their merry laugh, which rang like music over the scene, be evermore heard.

"*Merrie* Christmas!" Is there not some mistake in the name? It is *kindly* Christmas, perhaps *happy* Christmas, but merry—No! It is a time when children, and grandchildren, and grandfathers, and grandmothers met together; when old memories are revived, old scenes recalled, the hidden household gods brought forth; when hands which have never been clasped for a long, long period, lie enfolded in each other, marvelling how they came to be separated. But it is not a merry season. It makes a man meditate on how many Christmas Days he has seen, how many more he is likely to see.

Nonsense, man; look at the children, the bright-eyed rosy-faced children, like rays of God's blessed sunshine pouring through the house. Hear them laugh, see them loaded down with toys, the whole world of life before them, no regrets behind; every breath they draw a pleasure, every thought they think a delight. Is not this to be merry? If it be not, then there is no merriment on earth. How could I be so recreant as to try and filch from Christmas its proverbial adjective? It is, it shall be, "Merry Christmas!" till the end of time.

No need to go back to feudal days, to the mother-land in the northern sea, where and when the whole country was filled with the influence of Christ's birthday; when in baronial hall the heavy oaken tables groaned with good cheer; when the ancient armour and the antlers of the deer glistened with red-berried holly, black-berried ivy, and the viscous white berries of the basial mistletoe; when tongues of flame, from the massive Yule-log, leaped cheerily up the wide old-fashioned chimneys, and all within was warm and light, and no poor shivering beggar was left out in the cold starlight. Roast goose and roast beef, boar's head and chine, plum-pudding and mince-pie, and mighty bowls of posset and "lamb's wool" for all comers, while festive retainers, below the salt, shouted at the close of the carol "God bless you, my masters and mistresses, a merry Christmas to you, and a happy New Year!"—*Frank I. Jervis.*

Current Topics and Events.

A New Departure.

The departure is not a very great one. Indeed it is so small that if attention were not specially called to it, it would by many never be noticed at all. We allude to the slight change in the title of this MAGAZINE. When the MAGAZINE was established, fourteen years ago, the name of the Church of which it was an organ was "The Methodist Church of Canada.' The name "Canadian Methodist Magazine" was, therefore, given to this periodical. On the union of all the Canadian Methodist Churches in 1883, the united body was called simply the "The Methodist Church." If the same analogy had been followed, this periodical would then have received the name "The Methodist Magazine," a name which combines brevity, dignity, simplicity, breadth and distinctiveness—there being no other magazine of the same name in the world.

At a meeting of both the Eastern and Western sections of the Book Committee, held in Toronto last May, the proposed change of name was discussed, and a resolution was passed authorizing it. It was felt that the name "Methodist Magazine" was long enough and strong enough for the best magazine in the world. Indeed, the change is more in appearance than in reality. As a matter of fact, the shorter name was almost the only name it ever received. In common speech, in press notices, even in official documents—the Minutes of the Annual Conferences, the Pastoral Addresses, and the Journals and Resolutions of successive General Conferences—it was almost invariably designated "The Methodist Magazine." Indeed, the Editor was almost the only person who gave it its full title. The age in which we live is one which demands brevity. The great magazines of the world have all short names: *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *The Atlantic*, *The Forum*, *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Blackwood's*, *The Contemporary*, *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum*, all have short, crisp names, and anything that is not necessary or distinctive is soon omitted.

If there were no reasons, therefore, but those of convenience, the shorter name is far preferable and should be adopted. But there are other and cogent reasons. The METHODIST MAGAZINE has had a longer life and more successful career than any other ever published in Canada. Indeed, it is the sole survivor of a number of literary ventures. These all were Canadian, but not Methodist—appealing as they did, for a broad Canadian patronage. This they failed to receive. A writer in a late number of the *North American Review* points out how difficult it is to maintain a Canadian magazine against the competition of the whole English-speaking world, and recognizes the conspicuous success of our own METHODIST MAGAZINE. It is because it is first of all and most of all Methodist, and not specially because it is Canadian, that it lives. There are a great many more Methodists outside of Canada than there are in it. A considerable number of these have discovered the merits of our METHODIST MAGAZINE, and have become its patrons. We have had regular subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland, on the Continent of Europe, in almost every State of the Union, in Ceylon, in Continental India, in Japan, and elsewhere. We wish to increase largely our foreign patronage, which presents so much wider a field than our Methodist population in Canada. We have won warm foreign commendation. The *London Quarterly Review*, the leading organ of English Methodism, says, "The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated on its MAGAZINE." The *St. Louis Methodist* says, "It is abreast of the most popular literary magazines." The *Christian Advocate* expressed a re-

gret that the Methodist Episcopal Church had not an organ like it. In fact it is the only METHODIST MAGAZINE on the Continent.

We wish to take advantage of the opportunity before us, and to largely increase our foreign circulation, both in Great Britain and the United States. Our METHODIST MAGAZINE has won such a reputation, that we wish to put it into competition in their own field with the great magazines of the world. It is difficult to do this to as large an extent as we desire, while handicapped with a name which seems to indicate that this MAGAZINE is designed only for Canadians. We cannot expect to get agents to seek to place in homes outside of Canada a periodical which in its very title asserts its foreign character. *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Century*, *The Forum*, place no such barrier to their extensive circulation in Canada. On the contrary, they are very anxious to gain as large a Canadian circulation as possible. To this end they cater especially to Canadian patronage. They engage distinguished Canadians, as Principal Grant, J. Macdonald Oxley, and others, to write up specially Canadian themes. They send such accomplished commissioners as Mr. Farnham and Charles Dudley Warner, to study and describe our country. And in making known its great resources they are doing us a great service.

No Canadian magazine has ever done so much to cultivate an intelligent Canadian patriotism, by making known the grandeur of our country. It has described and illustrated its 4,000 miles of territory—from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island. By making known in like manner to our neighbours its vast extent, its great resources, the high morality of its people, we think the METHODIST MAGAZINE will be doing our Church and country important service. This MAGAZINE shall be no less thoroughly devoted to Canada's best interests—religious, social and literary—than ever. The present writer appeals confidently to his past record as guarantee of this. He has devoted the best years of his life to the promotion of the highest welfare of his native country. He has published seven distinct volumes in illustration of its history and of its social and religious life. He has another octavo of six hundred pages now passing through the press, describing its vast extent and almost illimitable resources. He believes that it presents to-day the highest type of Christian civilization on the face of the earth. He hopes to see developed beneath our northern skies, and with our relatively homogeneous population, a grand Canadian nationality wherein across the wide continent, a great, free, and happy people, shall dwell beneath the broad banner of Britain, perpetuating free institutions, and British laws, and liberties to the end of time.

OUR ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1889.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the announcement of this MAGAZINE for 1889—the best we have ever made—and the best, we think, ever offered by any Canadian Magazine. There are some features of that announcement which we wish to specially emphasize. We hoped to have presented the Hon. Senator Macdonald's papers on Early Toronto Methodism during the current year ; but the subject so grew under his hand, and he had so many and such pressing public engagements, that that was found to be impossible. We have, however, just received from him 160 pages of MSS., discussing with great fulness of detail the growth of early Methodism and early Presbyterianism in Toronto, which is, in fact, largely the record of the development of both these forms of Christianity in this Province. Few men are so well qualified by judicial temperament and by a breadth of Christian sympathy for this task as Senator Macdonald. He lives in the love and esteem of all the Churches, and he loves and esteems them all. He was brought up in his early years on the Westminster Confession and the Shorter Catechism, and is, therefore, in hearty sympathy with all that is best in Presbyterianism. He has

given the forty best years of his life to the service of Methodism, and few are so deeply in sympathy with its progressive spirit.

These papers are largely autobiographic, and thus have a personal interest which pure historic narrative does not possess. Mr. Macdonald has laid our Church and the readers of this MAGAZINE under great obligations by these valuable contributions to the religious history of this Province.

We have also received large instalments of the Rev. S. B. Dunn's "Etchings of Shakespeare." This will prove, we venture to say, one of the most brilliant series of literary papers ever presented in any Canadian Magazine. Of the Rev. George Bond's charming "Vagabond Vignettes," we have already had an appetizing taste. These papers will be continued through a large part of the year, and will be very copiously and beautifully illustrated. The Holy Land, it is said, is a commentary on the Holy Book and is, indeed, a Fifth Gospel. These papers on Bible Lands will be of great and permanent value, especially to every minister, Sunday-school teacher, and Bible student. Miss Tweedie's striking paper on "The Miseries of a Palace" came to hand too late for use in this number, but it will shortly appear. Dr. Daniel Clark, who has had such large experience in the observation and treatment of the insane, and who possess such fine literary taste in recording his observations, will favour our readers with another of his striking papers which have attracted so much attention. From the brilliant pen of Professor Goldwin Smith, will appear two important papers on themes of which he is a master, viz.: "The Doctrine of Progress in History," and "The Moral Freedom of Man." Dr. Williams will continue, as opportunity offers, his interesting papers on "The Less Known Poets of Methodism," and Dr. Carman will write on a subject which is attracting much attention, "The Itinerancy and the Stationing Committee in our Methodism."

Our MAGAZINE is largely a family magazine, not merely a minister's magazine. It will, therefore, have a large amount of reading for the household—for the wives and mothers and young people of our families. The adoption of its new Long Primer type will enable it to give a much larger amount of matter than heretofore. This will be largely devoted to interesting and instructive serial and short stories of high literary merit and of pronounced religious character, as well as more than the usual amount of illustrated descriptive articles of travel, and the like.

But we cannot refer to a tithe of the good things we shall have to offer. We may remark by the way, that the handsome new type we shall use has been cast in this city specially for this MAGAZINE. This is, we believe, the first time that any Canadian magazine has been equipped with type of Canadian manufacture, specially cast. We hope that all our old patrons and friends will promptly renew their subscription, and that they will kindly endeavour to secure also the subscription of some neighbour or friend. Do not wait till your minister calls upon you. Hand him your subscription at once, and he will be glad to second your efforts to extend the circulation of our denominational magazine, which we believe, striking as has been its progress in the past, is now to make an advance movement greater than any hitherto attempted.

DEATH OF W. A. FOSTER, Q.C.

It is with the profoundest feelings of personal loss that we record the death of our early companion and life-long friend, the late W. A. Foster, Q.C. By his death his profession loses a distinguished ornament and society a useful member; but to those who enjoyed his personal friendship the loss is one which cannot be expressed in words. He not only commanded their admiration for his intellectual abilities, but he was also endeared by his amiable qualities. We may not allow the public utterance of our personal sorrow, which is of too tender and sacred a character for record here.

University Federation.

It is a cause for congratulation that the several Conferences and Districts are so cordially accepting the allotments assigned them of the amount needed for the equipment and endowment of the new Victoria. Toronto has already done nobly. It has contributed more than half of the entire sum so far subscribed. In the Federation week in December it is expected to complete its proportion of $200,000, or nearly half of the entire amount required. Certainly in the whole history of Victoria College there has never been anything like the interest now exhibited in university matters, and we do not think that within the same length of time so much money was ever subscribed in the Dominion for the purpose of university work. The difficulties which have at times arisen are based almost entirely on money considerations. Let but the necessary funds be forthcoming and all difficulties will disappear. The question of Federation is not now, we take it, a matter of discussion. That was settled unequivocally by the General Conference. The task now before the Church is to rally manfully and loyally to carry out the directions of the highest authority in Canadian Methodism.

The New President.

A good deal of license we suppose must be allowed a nation in the throes of a presidential election, on which may depend the official life of 200,000 Government employees. But certainly in the recent election excitement the politicians of both parties have done much to bring so called "practical politics" into disrepute in the eyes of all honourable men. The national dignity has been distinctively lowered. Flinging threats of retaliation and pandering to the prejudices of a foreign-born section of the population is unworthy of the rulers of a great nation. It is satisfactory to note that these antics meet the disapproval of the more respectable press of the nation. "If the West letter," says the *Independent*, "was a breach of international courtesy, the abrupt demand for his recall was a breach of good manners." "His fault," says the *Christian Union*, "was simply lack of diplomatic shrewdness, while that of those who entrapped him into writing such a letter was that of flagrant and palpable dishonesty." Mr. Cleveland gained nothing by his rudeness. It doubtless contributed to his defeat. One of the noblest spectacles in history is, however, that of a great nation changing its rulers by the peaceful exercise of the ballot, and then going on without a jar of its constitutional machinery. In any European country, except Great Britain, such a revolution would in all probability have been attended by barricades and bloodshed.

In the account of the Monteagle Assembly in our last number, by a slip of the pen the management was attributed to Rev. Mr. Duncan, instead of to Rev. J. H. Warren.

Chime out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees!
To make a Christmas crown!
Give up your best, O earth,
Make room, O human heart,
That He who comes this day
May nevermore depart.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Rev. Charles Garrett is recognized as the originator of the Epworth memorial of the Wesleys, in their birthplace. The laying of the foundation stone attracted the attention of leading English journals afresh to the Wesleyan movement. The Rev. C. Garrett in his speech said, that "the Wesleyans hated the three D's., viz.: debt, dirt, and the devil. A fourth, he thought, might be added, for if it was not for the drink there would not be much dirt, not much debt, and very little work for the devil to do."

It is a remarkable coincidence that Epworth was not only the birthplace of the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, but also of Alexander Kilham, the founder of the Methodist New Connexion.

It has often been supposed that, owing to emigration, Methodism in Ireland had become a feeble Church; whereas, though many have gone to other lands, Methodism is the only Church in Ireland that has not decreased in membership during the last twelve years. Romanists have decreased 100,000; Episcopalians, 33,000; Presbyterians, 17,000; while the Methodist Church reports an increase during that period of 5,000.

The fund of $50,000 left by the late Mr. Borrow, for the extension of Methodism in Scotland has been fruitful of the best results; amongst the missions being a successful one in Blairgowrie, and another just commenced with most promising prospects in the west end of Edinburgh.

The foundresses of the Nechells' Charities, Birmingham, have sent a cheque for $15,000 to the trustees of the Princess Alice Orphanage, which is to be devoted to the erection and partial endowment of a home for orphan girls at the Orphanage, which forms one in the number of similar institutions under the direction of Dr. T. B. Stephenson.

The Mission in the West End of London continues to prosper. Another hall has been added to the places where the devoted missionaries and their noble band of workers labour. A new departure has been added, by instituting services in which the magic lantern is a great attraction. Conversions often take place at the inquiry meetings which are regularly held. No less than forty persons went into the inquiry room at one meeting.

The East End Mission also prospers. The Whitechapel murders have produced a profound sensation, but not one of the workers, male or female, who labour in that district under the superintendence of the heroic Peter Thompson, has been less zealous in their work of faith. In the most dangerous localities the Christian ladies are constant visitors, and not even "the roughs" offer the least molestation. The labours of these ladies "border," it is said, "on sanctified madness."

The Lambeth Conference.

One of the most marked utterances of the recent Lambeth Conference was its resolution in favour of Christian union. Even into the serene atmosphere of that hitherto exclusive body has penetrated the all-pervading sentiment of Christian integration. The subject is approached in a spirit of broad Christian catholicity, and not in the narrow spirit in which it has sometimes been treated. "We gladly and thankfully recognize," says the report of the Conference on this subject, "the real religious work which is carried on by Christian bodies not of our com-

munion. We cannot close our eyes to the visible blessings which has been vouchsafed to their labours for Christ's sake. We are not insensible to the strong ties and rooted convictions which attach them to their present position. These we respect as we wish that that on our side our own principles and feelings may be respected. Competent observers, indeed, assert that not in England alone, but in all parts of the Christian world, there is a real yearning for unity—that men's hearts are moved more than heretofore toward Christian fellowship. The Conference has shown by its discussions and resolutions that it is deeply penetrated with this feeling. May the Spirit of love move on the troubled waters of religious differences."

To this prayer every Christian heart will devoutly respond, "Amen."

Anglo-American Federation.

During his missionary tour around the world, Joseph Cook was so impressed with the extent, and might, and majesty of Great Britain's Colonial Empire, that on his return he urged a moral alliance of all the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, for the advancement of Christianity and civilization among the inferior races, and for the preservation of peace in Europe. These views, which many regarded as the visionary ideas of an enthusiast, find independent expression in such a hard-headed, practical journal as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In a recent issue it says: "The ultimate bond of union between all members of the English-speaking race will be a Supreme International High Court, in which both the Empire and the American Republic will be represented, and whose decisions will be enforced by the federal force of the English-speaking world against all dissentients." Such an alliance would be a strong tower "that stands four-square to all the winds that blow." It could be a moral police which could prevent breaches of the peace throughout the world, and could relieve the tax-burdened populations of Europe of the incubus of its five or six millions of a standing army. It could abolish slavery and the slave-trade, and the trade in poisoned drinks, which is demoralizing the barbarous races of the world.

While war between Great Britain and America would be one of the most terrible evils that could befall mankind, such an alliance as suggested, instinct as it would be with Christian philanthropy, would be fraught with infinite possibilities of blessing to oppressed races throughout the world.

Primitive Methodists.

A mission steamboat has been launched at Hull. It is for the Fernando Mission, in West Africa. The cost exceeds $3,000.

The Rev. J. Odell is establishing an Evangelists' Home at Birmingham, to supply men for evangelistic work, much in the same way as the Rev. Thomas Champness is doing.

A new enterprise is to be begun in Central Africa. Rev. G. E. Butt is forwarding the preparation of waggons, etc., and it is hoped that there will not be much longer delay in commencing the work.

A new chapel and schools have been erected near the site of the famous Surrey Chapel, London, where Rowland Hill laboured for so many years. They cost $60,000, $40,000 of which had been obtained before the day of opening, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached. It was hoped that the premises would be out of debt by the collections at the dedicatory services. It is a great triumph for the Primitive Methodists in London.

Methodist New Connexion.

Harvest-home festivals have been held in various places.

The Sunday-school room at Hawarden needed renovation; application was made to Mr. Gladstone or help, which he not only rendered, but also invited the circuit minister to the Castle to luncheon, and introduced him to Mr. Morley and others who were visiting at the Castle.

The Connexional Evangelist Union

recently held its annual meeting in London, which continued several days. The object is to increase personal holiness, and assist in holding evangelistic services. The Union has done much good in various ways.

The statistics show progress which has continued for some years, chapels, 512; ministers, 189; local preachers, 1,270; members, 30,273. Increase on the year, 283. Members on trial, 5,096; Sunday-schools, 475; teachers, 11,321; scholars, 83,872; scholars who are members, 14,421.

Miss Waller, daughter of the late Rev. Ralph Waller, a well-known minister, who was a successful revivalist, has been appointed Lady Principal of the institution which is being built at Tientsin for the training of Chinese Bible-women and as a school for girls.

The Rev. G. M. H. Innocent, Chinese Missionary, writes: "You will be glad to hear that since Mr. Turner and I returned from the district meeting thirty-four converts have been baptized. The converts publicly testified how they renounced idols and were led to worship the true God.

The Baptist Church.

Early in September the corner-stone of Immanuel Baptist Church at the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley Streets was laid. On the day following the new church on Dovercourt Road was dedicated, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Dr. Parson and Professor MacVicar officiated. Also on the 4th of November their new church, on the corner of First and Bolton Ave., Riverside, was opened with appropriate services.

In the same month, Moulton Ladies' College in connection with the McMaster University was opened. Mrs. McMaster gave her late commodious residence and $25,000 for the purpose. A full staff of Lady Professors has been appointed.

A few days subsequent the corner-stone of a new church was laid at West Toronto Junction. Such a series of events in a few days speaks well for the energy of our Baptist friends in Toronto.

Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. John Wilkie, missionary at Indore, Central India, lately visited his native city, Guelph, from which he departed about nine years ago. His account of missionary work in India was edifying.

A recent letter from Dr. McKay at Formosa contains very gratifying intelligence. He reports having given two solid months to teaching nearly two dozen students and as many preachers from their different stations. He holds from two to five services on Sabbath days. At one place he preached in front of a heathen temple, and continued the service until a late hour, so eager were the people for the Word. At another place he preached five consecutive sermons before the people would disperse, as at the end of each discourse the audience still remained to hear him preach again.

The Methodist Church.

The annual meeting of the Central Board of Missions at Winnipeg gave the members from the East an opportunity to gain a knowledge of Methodism in Manitoba, where its progress has been simply marvellous. It is only twenty-two years since the Rev. Dr. Young was designated to Red River, and travelled four weeks between Toronto and the place where Winnipeg now stands There is now a Conference of one hundred ministers, and last year the churches within its bounds raised $87,530 for all purposes, which did not include the amount subscribed for Wesley College, which has since been established in the city of Winnipeg. The quietness of the Lord's Day excites the admiration of visitors. The various Protestant denominations have laboured successfully in Manitoba and the North-West, and to them the Dominion of Canada is greatly indebted.

The Woman's Missionary Society in all its branches is doing a good work. The annual meeting of the Central Branch was recently held in Toronto, and that of the Western Branch at Guelph, and that of the Eastern Branch at Gananoque. All

were well attended. Several new auxiliaries and mission bands have been formed. Packages of clothing have been despatched to Labrador, also to various Indian bands. Valuable help has also been rendered to the McDougall Orphanage, the Crosby Home, and the Chinese Home in British Columbia. The example of those ladies deserves universal admiration.

The corner-stone of the new building for the French Methodist Institute, Montreal, was laid on the 22nd of October, by Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary; Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, and others took part in the proceedings. The site comprises ten building lots, which cost $7,000; the college will probably cost $50,000. Such a building has long been needed, and will be a valuable auxiliary to the French work.

In Montreal there is a Home Mission Association, in connection with which the annual meeting was recently held. It is composed of the ministers, theological students, and local preachers of the city—in all seventy-eight members. A new church has been commenceed at Côte St. Louis, a church has been secured in St. Urbain Street, and property will soon be occupied at Côte St. Antoine. The work of the Association is progressing, new appointments are being contemplated, and the members are doing good work.

McLachlin Hall, the new wing of Alma College, St. Thomas, was opened a few weeks ago with great *éclat*. The Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, delivered the principal address. The Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, presided. A great number of ministers and friends were present. Alma College is doing good work, and has had a career of great prosperity.

The news from Japan is encouraging. The school at Tokyo is filled to overflowing. Enlargement is an absolute necessity. Miss Cunningham's school at Shidzuoka is prospering.

Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, has been directed by the Central Board to visit Japan during the year.

There is a proposal to unite all the Methodist Missions in Japan in one organization but the Central Board referred the subject to the next General Conference.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are at Winnipeg while these notes are being prepared. Their last campaign was at Oakville, where the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches united in evangelistic work.

The corner-stone of another new church was laid in Toronto on November 3rd. The congregation was only formed last Conference.

Dr. and Mrs. Lowery, of New York, are holding evangelistic services in the Maritime Provinces with great success.

By the death of Mrs. Wilmot, widow of the late Judge Wilmot, the Methodist Church receives bequests of $6,400. The Bible Society and other institutions are also aided.

Christian Conference.

Several ministers and laymen belonging to six branches of Protestantism met in Montreal October 21 and three following days. After the first day three sessions were held daily, at which papers were read on several important topics which were followed by discussions. The outcome of the whole was the formation of an Evangelical Alliance for the Dominion of Canada, of which the Hon. Senator Macdonald, of Toronto, is President. The gathering was one of unusual importance, and it is hoped that the Evangelical Alliance will become a powerful organization to promote Christian union, and protect those who are suffering from persecution.

Canadian Churches.

Two young ladies, Misses Sinclair and Scott, have gone from John Street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, to India, to enter the Zenana mission work of that country. It is only a month since the same Church sent a young man to the inland mission field in China.

Mr. Donald McGillivray, a gold medallist of Toronto University, has gone to China to embark in mission-

ary work, where his salary will only be $500 per year.

Of the thirteen students at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, eight are French-speaking and have the work of French evangelization in view. One is an Italian, who came from his native land about a year ago, and studies with the purpose of labouring among his fellow-countrymen in Canada.

Items.

The party of English Christians who go out to India for a special four months' mission to the native Christians is already on its way. It is made up of a dozen devoted clergymen, laymen and women who go out under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, but at their own charges. The design is to bring cheer to the workers on the field and to stimulate the converts.

The clerical party in Mexico is again persecuting the Protestants with great bitterness. A young Protestant Mexican girl opened a village school and was poisoned by a "loco" weed by the fanatics. In Guerrero a mob, instigated by priests, assaulted the house of a Protestant family and killed three persons. In Vera Cruz the editor of a Liberal newspaper was denounced from the pulpits and was murdered shortly afterwards on a lonely road.

The Quakers have a farm of 720 acres of land near Wabash, Ill., in a high state of cultivation, on which are nearly 100 young Indians receiving a Christian education.

Book Notices.

Fifty Years Ago. By Walter Besant. Profusely illustrated, 8vo, pp. xvi-268. New York: Harper & Brothers. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $2.50.

Of the multifarious literature called into existence by the Queen's Jubilee, this is one of the most valuable volumes. It does not attempt a history of Her Majesty's reign. That would require many volumes. It gives a graphic picture of society fifty years ago, and thus brings out sharply the immense social progress made during the half century. The writer candidly says, "I was startled to find how great a revolution has taken place in our opinions and ways of thinking; how much greater than is at first understood." These graphic pictures include chapters on London Life in 1837; In the Street; With the People; In Society; In the House of Parliament; Clubs and Club-land; With the Wits; Journals and Journalists; In Factory and Mine; With Men of Science; Law and Justice; the Schools and Universities, etc. This will show how wide is the range of topics covered. "The nineteenth century," says Mr. Besant, "actually began with steam communication by sea; with steam machinery; with railways; with telegraphs; with the development of the colonies; with the admission of the people to the Government of the country; with the opening of the universities; with the spread of science; with the revival of the democratic spirit. It did not begin in fact till about fifty years ago." The immense social, moral, and industrial progress of Her Majesty's reign is an omen of brightest augury for the future. We commend this book and Mackenzie's "Nineteenth Century," issued by the same house, to the rankest pessimist, as a demonstration of the progress of humanity "down the ringing grooves of change" to the golden age to be. The book is illustrated by about 140 engravings from drawings and paintings of the time, some very quaint, some very funny, and numerous portraits of public celebrities.

Western China—a Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omei. By the Rev. VIRGIL C. HART, Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

Mr. Hart is a Missionary to China of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who has been spending part of his furlough in Toronto. In the summer of 1887, with two other missionaries, he made a visit to the interior of Western China, to re-establish missions which had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Chinese the previous year. His journey up the River Yang-Tsze was one of much variety and adventure; up many of the rapids the junk had to be dragged by seventy-five or one hundred men, and at times it was almost wrecked. A further journey for health, discovery and mission work was full of incident and interest. Through a route seldom travelled by European feet, since it was visited by Marco Polo six centuries ago, he reached the summit of the great Omei Mountain, near the borders of Chinese civilization. "This mountain," he says, advisedly, "is the centre of natural and artificial wonders, the like of which may not be found elsewhere upon the globe." Here, 11,000 feet above the sea, he dwelt for a month. This mountain is a great centre of Buddhist influence, with monasteries, shrines, priests, etc., in profusion, and here may be seen the "Glory of Buddah"—a solar spectrum or halo in the clouds, like the spectre of the Brocken in the Harz. One remarkable feature of the Province of Sz-Chuan is the number of salt wells—about a thousand in operation, but many thousands more have been in operation in the past, some as long ago as the first century of the Christian era. Some of these wells are from 3,000 to 5,000 feet deep, and six inches in diameter. How they were bored with clumsy bamboo drills is a marvel. It has taken in some cases thirty or forty years to reach the flowing brine. There are also gas wells, like those at Pittsburgh, the gas being used to evaporate the salt. There seems reasonable hope of permanence in the supply of gas, as some of these wells have been in existence for sixteen hundred years. The salt industry is one of immense value, over a thousand bankers being in business in the principal salt town. Mr. Hart's book is written in a very vivacious and attractive style, and gives a great deal of information about a strangely out-of-the-way part of the world, about which most readers will have to correct a good many of their ideas.

My Story of the War. By MARY A. LIVERMORE. 8vo., pp. 700. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co.

The full title of Mrs. Livermore's book concisely expresses its character: A woman's narrative of four years' personal experience as nurse in the Union Army, and in relief work at home, in hospitals, camps, and at the front during the war of the Rebellion; with anecdotes, pathetic incidents and thrilling reminiscences portraying the lights and shadows of hospital life and sanitary service of the war. This is not a story of battles and sieges, but of a grander heroism than is exhibited on the field of war. It is a tale of womanly sacrifice and devotion in tenderly nursing the sick and wounded, in soothing the dying, in paying the last rites of humanity to the dead. The magnificent work of the Sanitary and Christian commisions was one of the grandest outcomes of the war, was the silver lining on the darkest cloud, and hung like the bow of promise on the storm of war. By these agencies $30,000,000 were expended in the relief of the sick and the wounded. But who shall compute the value of the unpurchased and unpurchasable services of those noble women whose very shadows as they passed by them the wounded soldiers in the hospitals kissed?

With a touching eloquence Mrs. Livermore tells the heroic story of these refined and cultured ladies

who shrank not from the festering wounds and fevered breath of the sick and dying. Most notable of these was brave "Mother Bykerdye" who loved every soldier as though he were her own son, and who was loved as a mother by every man. Groping by lantern-light on the field of battle for the wounded; boldly bursting the red tape restrictions of officialdom, issuing orders, and obeyed like a captain, forcing her way into the tent of the General, and by sheer force of will securing supplies for her "Boys," she was every inch as much a hero as her brave friend Sheridan himself. For over a month she was the only woman in charge of 1800 wounded soldiers at Chatanooga, in mid-winter, cooking for them out of doors when they were freezing in their tents. So bold was her defiance of authority in the interests of humanity that she was placed under arrest by martinets, only to be vindicated by the General himself.

But the scenes of this book are not all tragic. Some of the stories of the contrabands will move to laughter, to be quickly followed by tears at the touching tale of some death-bed made happy by the sweet singing of the Methodist chaplain, or a last message to a distant home. Mrs. Livermore is well known to many in Canada, and no less, it is affirmed, than 60,000 Canadians served in the Union armies. This book, therefore, will be welcome to many a Canadian reader. It is sumptuously illustrated with numerous steel engravings of scenes of the war, and by coloured lithographs of the regimental colours of the army corps.

Men, Places, and Things. By WM. MATHEWS, LL.D. Pp. 386. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Mr. Mathew's books have been a great success. His "Getting On in the World," "Words, Their Use and Abuse," "Hours with Men and Books," etc., have had a very phenomenal sale. This they owe to their lucid style, their good English, their moral helpfulness, especially to the young. The present volume is a good example of the author's wide reading, his keen observation, his incisive criticism. His "Character of Napoleon" is a tremendous indictment of the conscienceless despot. He gives well-etched pen portraits of Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Liddon, Joseph Parker, Stopford Brooke, and William Wirt. He has some biting criticism of Bulwer and Dumas. He discusses the Greatness of London, the House of Commons, Homberg as a Watering Place, What shall we Read, Tricks of the Types, etc. Some of these last are very funny, as when a superfluous *a* make Beza go to sea in a Canadian, instead of a Candian vessel. The volume will be found very racy reading.

Australia and Homeward. By the REV. D. VANNORMAN* LUCAS, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 336. Price $1.00.

Mr. Lucas has given us here a very interesting and instructive volume on the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas. He had unusually good opportunities for travel and observation while in Australia, and he gives evidence of having acute powers of observation and a well trained faculty of description. He gives a graphic account of the fauna, silva, and flora of the country, many of whose animals and products are of a very extraordinary character. He records the marvellous progress that has conjured great cities out of the wilderness within the memory of living men. He gives a thrilling account of the pioneer explorers, Burke and Wills, and other path-finders of empire in the vast Southern continent. The latter part of the book is a series of racy letters of travel in the Southern Seas, in Ceylon, and homeward through the Red Sea, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, France, and Great Britain. The book is well printed and has a number of illustrative engravings. It deserves, and we hope will have, a large sale.

The Working Church. By CHARLES F. THWING, DD. New York: Baker & Taylor Publishing Company. Price 75 cents.

This is a book of practical counsels by an experienced pastor. He discusses Christian work among the children, the young people, business men, the treatment of strangers, of the unchurched, benevolence, rewards of Christian work, etc. His remarks on Sunday-school work and on the management of the prayer-meeting are very judicious. He suggests that the latter be made more a meeting for Bible study and exposition and questioning than a mere "remarks" meeting. While Christian testimony is valuable, it had better be on lines of personal experience, for which the class-meeting, under a judicious leader, is the best place. Dr. Thwing would not exclude this, but would guide it in a definite direction. The Baker-Taylor Company are issuing a number of valuable books on subjects of vital importance.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes. By SAMUEL KNEELAND, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

Few subjects are more interesting and mysterious than the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, and their origin. In this handsome volume Dr. Kneeland tells about all that is known on the subject, without going into disputed theories. It gives a popular account of their nature, causes, effects and geographical distribution from personal observation in the Hawaiian and Phillipine Islands, Japan, Iceland, the Mediterranean Basin, Spain and the United States. From personal familiarity with some of the places described we can testify to the accuracy of the description given. The book combines in a remarkable degree fascinating, interesting and scientific instruction. Huge lake of fire, Maun Loa; the great geysers and jokulus of Iceland; the strange attractions of Vesuvius, Ætna and Stromboli; the phenomena of fracture, upheaval and subsidence are succinctly, and yet fully, treated. There are a number of graphic illustrations.

Paul's Ideal Church and People. A Popular Commentary, with a Series of Forty Sermonettes on the First Epistle to Timothy. By ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B., B.A. (London University.) New York: E. E. Treat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The custom of expository preaching is, we are glad to observe, becoming more and more common. The word "sermonettes" we do not like at all, but the short sermons here given compress much practical teaching into very brief space. Dr. Rowland is an able English scholar of the Congregational Church. We like his treatment of this beautiful epistle, for the fact that he goes to the very heart of the text with a simplicity and directness that will commend itself to every reader. His critical introduction and exegetical notes give the results, if not the processes, of the highest scholarship.

Hand-Book of Canadian Dates. By FRED A. MCCORD. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price 75 cents.

This is a very useful hand-book. The dates of all the leading events in Canadian history are given. The duration of every cabinet, the change of every ministry, the record of every Parliament and of every Provincial Legislature is recorded; and almost every fact the date of which one wishes readily to ascertain.

Problems of American Civilization —their Practical Solution the Pressing Christian Duty of To-day. New York: Baker & Taylor Publishing Co. Price 75c.

This volume, and the one next noted, are reprints of the discussion of the Christian Conference held at Washington in 1887. Among the subjects treated are Ultramontanism, by Bishop Coxe; the Saloon, by Dr. Haygood; the Church and the Labour Question, by Dr. McCosh; the City as a Peril, by Dr. Daniel

Dorchester and others; the Estrangement of the Masses from the Church, by Dr. Pierson, and other papers. The names of the writers are a guarantee that the discussions are able, and they are important to us in Canada as well as in the United States.

Co-operation in Christian Work. New York: Baker & Taylor Publishing Co. Price 75 cents.

This is a companion volume to the last. The various aspects of Christian co-operation are discussed by such men as Dr. Storrs, Bishop, Harris, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Gladden, Dr. Schauffler, and others. The two volumes are of great interest to every Christian worker.

Pilgrim's Letter; or, Bits of Current History. By Rev. JOSEPH E. ROY, D.D. Pp. 310. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

For a period of twenty years or more Dr. Roy's "Pilgrim Letters" have appeared in the *Congregationalist*, the *Independent*, and the *Advance*, and always have been eagerly read. This volume is made up from those that have a permanent interest. They give quite connected, though sketchy, views of the events that took place between the years 1857 and 1887. They are more inspiring reading than history, which is cold-blooded retrospect; for they retain the vivacious fervour in which they were written. Because of their real historic value, will many wish to possess "Pilgrim's Letters."

Under French Skies; or, Sunny Fields and Shady Woods. By the COUNTESS DE GASPARIN. Pp. 303. New York: Baker & Taylor Publishing Co. Price $1.25.

It is many years since we read that charming volume "The Near and the Heavenly Horizons," by the accomplished author of this book. Its memory lingers with us still. There is an ineffable charm about vivacious French narrative and criticism that the fine literary style and sympathetic spirit of a cultivated French lady alone can explain. The present volume is made up of a number of short stories and sketches, all suffused with a devout, religious spirit. The lights and shadows of French peasant life among the Jura Mountains are strikingly portrayed.

Key-Stones of Faith; What and Why we Believe. By WOLCOTT CALKINS, D.D. New York: Baker & Taylor Publishing Company. Price 75 cents.

This is an admirable compendium of Christian doctrine. For busy people and young readers, it will be found a very edifying manual. What we like best of all is the Scriptural summary in the very words of Holy Writ.

LITERARY NOTE.

We have received from Theo. Robinson, Montreal, a Canadian reprint of "John Ward, Preacher" reviewed in the November number. Price, in paper, 40 cents.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Days Serene. Illustrated from the original designs of MARGARET MACDONALD PULLMAN. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles W. Dillingham.

This house makes a specialty of getting out sumptuous holiday gift-books. It has published many handsome books in previous seasons, but it has this year surpassed itself in the number and elegance of its holiday issues. The principal of these is a large, oblong quarto, with the reposeful title above cited. It does, indeed, suggest a dream of summer days, under green leaves and beside placid streams. The drawings are full of poetic feeling and are exquisitely interpreted by the burin of the engraver, and are printed with great care on the best of paper. Many of them have quite the effect of delicate

etchings. The very texture of the birch bark on the trees, of the lichen-stained boulder, of the tedded grass, of the tender spring foliage of the willows, the drifts of apple bloom, the sombre pine forest, the fine atmospheric effects, the flight of birds, a becalmed vessel—"as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—are all beauti ully and faithfully rendered. It will be one of the favourite gift-books of the season.

Less expensive, but scarce less beautiful than this, are two fine poems by Mrs. DINAH MARIA MULOCK, issued by the same house, both printed in colours, on thick, oblong enamelled cards, and daintily tied with ribbon. The charming floral and figure designs are by MISS PAULINE SUNTER, and the lithographic execution is as delicate as the fancy is graceful. The first poem is the old Christmas favourite, "God rest you, merry gentlemen." The second is the noble New Year's Hymn, "A Friend stands waiting at the door," full of thought-compelling suggestiveness.

A very dainty device is an illuminated Calendar, with symbolic designs, on thick cards, held together by rings and silver chains and silk cord. (Same Publishers.)

Manners: Happy Homes and Good Society All the Year Round. By Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. New edition, pp. 377. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: C. W. Dillingham.

This is not a mere book of etiquette. It is a great deal more. It is a series of vivacious chapters on various aspects of home and social life, with judicious counsels for the culture of heart, mind and manner; with hints on travel, visiting, conversation, entertaining, parties and the like. Its dedication will show its spirit: "To young people particularly, and to all who seek for happiness in this life, or for the hope of happiness in the life to come." The saying of Bishop Middleton was never more true than to-day: "Manner is everything to some people, and something to everyone." This is an appropriate gift-book for all seasons.

The King of The Golden River; or, The Black Brothers, a Legend of Stiria. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

In this volume the famous art critic appears in a new character—that of the writer of a fairy tale. It will, however, do something more than merely amuse. It is a sort of allegory in which a good deal of instruction is also conveyed. The drawings by Doyle are very queer and quaint, but they embody the author's ideas with characteristic spirit.

Yankee Girls in Zululand. By LOUISE VESCELIUS - SHELDON. Copiously illustrated. Third Edition. Pp. 287. New York: Worthington & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Book-making has become nowadays in a remarkable sense a fine art. The ends of the earth are ransacked for themes of narrative and the resources of artistic skill are exhausted in their illustration. This is a very handsome volume. Its strong points are its graphic descriptions, its fine vein of humour, and its numerous and elegant engravings. These are made by the new photo-zincographic process. The effect is like the reproduction of fine aquarelles by the photo-gravure process in some high-class French art works. The land of the Zulus is about the last place where we would expect to find a group of vivacious Yankee girls. But the search for health and sunny skies will take people far afield. The sketches of life among the Boers, the Zulus, at the Diamond Mines, at Cape Town, Grahamstown, Pretoria, etc.; the adventures of trecking, inspanning, outspanning, etc., furnish very lively reading. We must again refer to the aptness and uniqueness of the numerous illustrations.